NOTORIOUS 1940s EC COMICS!

TRUE CRIME

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 10
JAN

CRIME PATROL

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

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CANADA

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!
AN ILLUSTRATED TERROR-TALE
from THE CRYPT OF TERROR!

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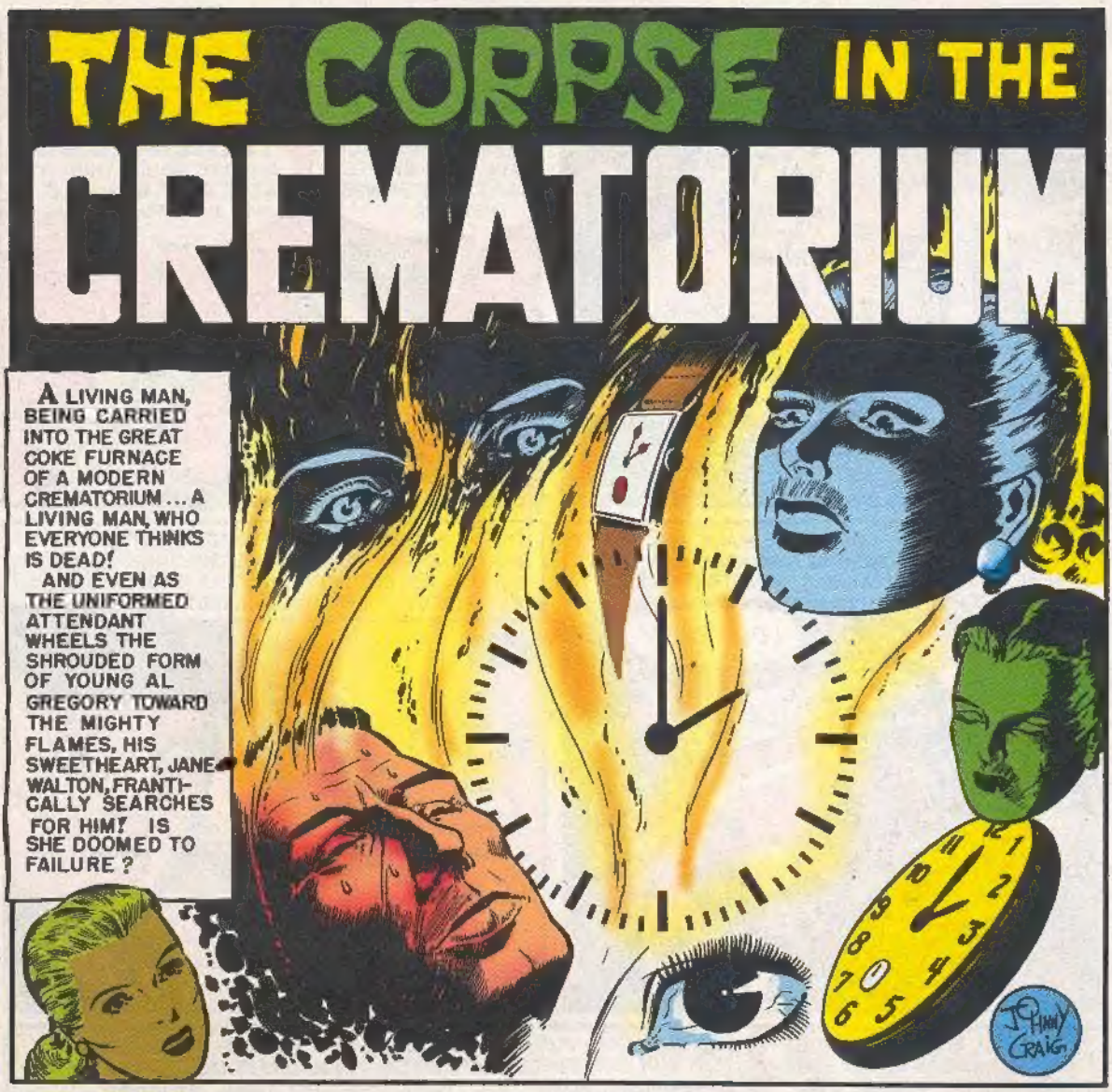
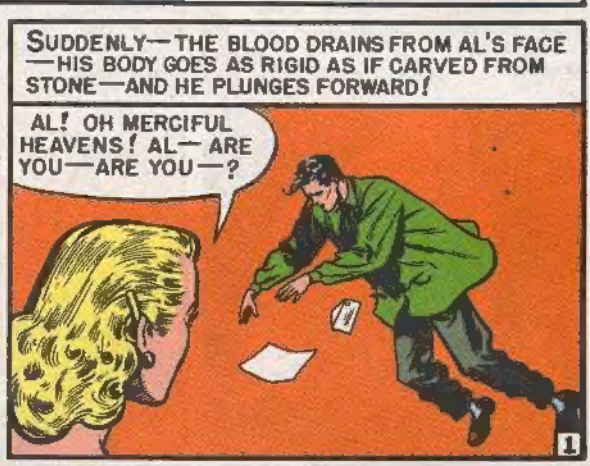
THE CORPSE IN THE CREMATORIUM


A LIVING MAN, BEING CARRIED INTO THE GREAT COKE FURNACE OF A MODERN CREMATORIUM ... A LIVING MAN, WHO EVERYONE THINKS IS DEAD!
AND EVEN AS THE UNIFORMED ATTENDANT WHEELS THE SHROUDED FORM OF YOUNG AL GREGORY TOWARD THE MIGHTY FLAMES, HIS SWEETHEART, JANE WALTON, FRANTICALLY SEARCHES FOR HIM! IS SHE DOOMED TO FAILURE?
JOHNNY CRAIG

AL GREGORY WAS AN ARTIST. HIS DELICATE ETCHINGS AND PEN WORK BROUGHT HIM SOME FAME AND A FAIR AMOUNT OF FORTUNE...
JANE, HONEY—HERE IT IS! AN ORDER FOR A SERIES OF MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATIONS. NOW WE CAN GET MARRIED AND HAVE THAT HOME IN THE COUNTRY!
OH, DARLING—AT LAST!


SUDDENLY—THE BLOOD DRAINS FROM AL'S FACE—HIS BODY GOES AS RIGID AS IF CARVED FROM STONE—AND HE PLUNGES FORWARD!
AL! OH MERCIFUL HEAVENS! AL—ARE YOU—ARE YOU—?
1

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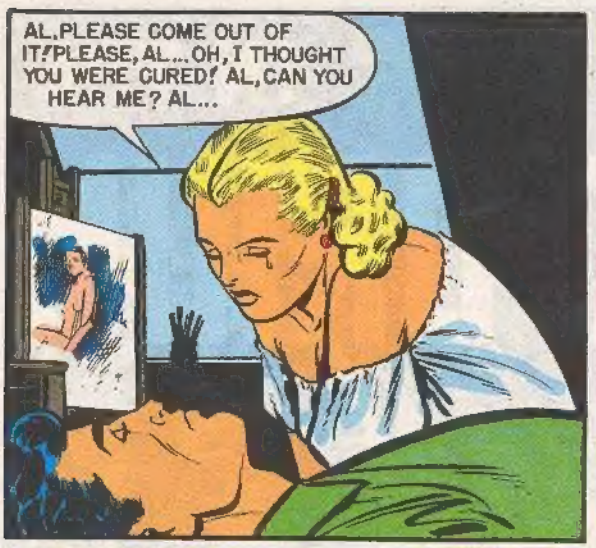
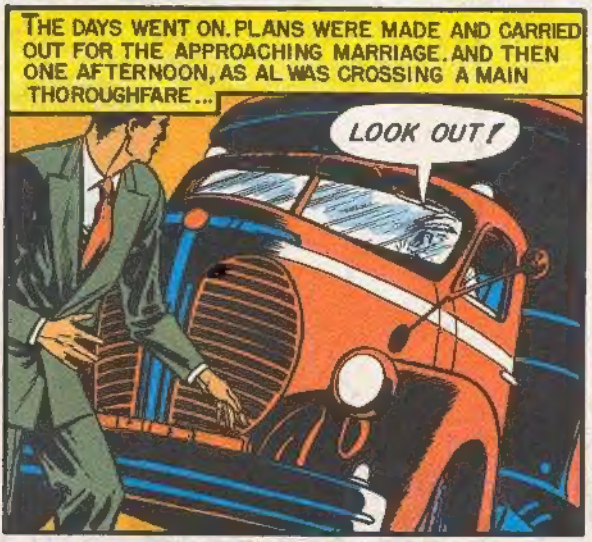
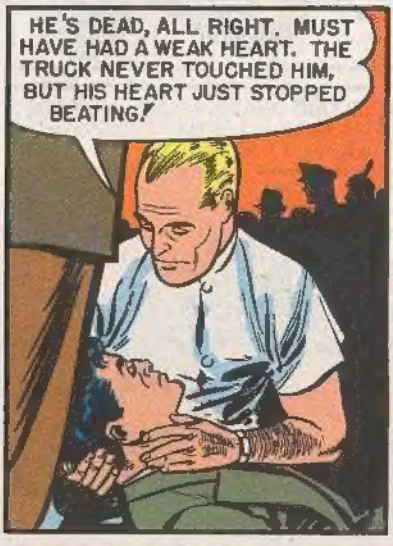
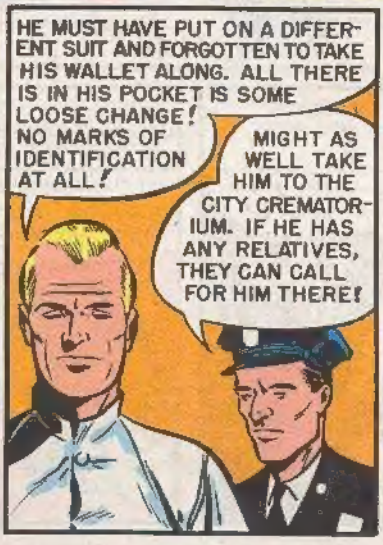

AL, PLEASE COME OUT OF IT! PLEASE, AL... OH, I THOUGHT YOU WERE CURED! AL, CAN YOU HEAR ME? AL...

IT WAS THREE HOURS LATER THAT AL GREGORY STIRRED, AND WITH JANE'S HELP, MOVED TOWARD HIS STUDIO COUCH...
THE DOCTOR SAID MY CATALEPSY SPELLS WOULD GRADUALLY FADE. IT'S EXCITEMENT THAT BRINGS THEM ON.
I KNOW, DEAR. I KNOW BUT PLEASE... BE CAREFUL FROM NOW ON! ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE *DEAD* WHEN YOU GET LIKE THAT!


THE DAYS WENT ON. PLANS WERE MADE AND CARRIED OUT FOR THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE. AND THEN ONE AFTERNOON, AS AL WAS CROSSING A MAIN THOROUGHFARE...
LOOK OUT!

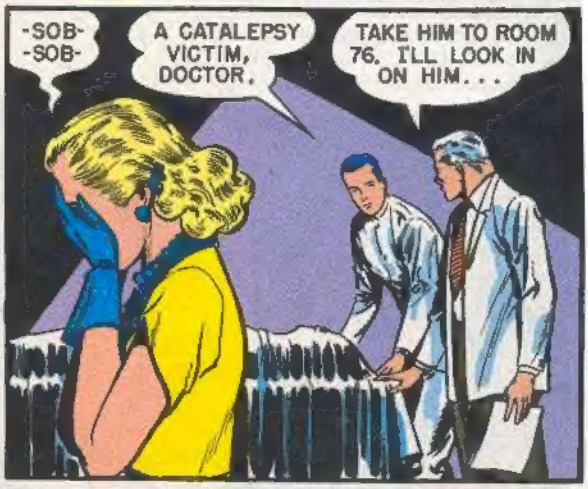
TORTURED BRAKES SCREECHED! A GIRL'S SHRILL SCREAM ROSE ABOVE THE TRAFFIC SOUNDS, PARALYZING EVERYONE! AL FELL GROUNDWARD — WHITE, STIFF — SEEMINGLY DEAD!


HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT. MUST HAVE HAD A WEAK HEART. THE TRUCK NEVER TOUCHED HIM, BUT HIS HEART JUST STOPPED BEATING!


HE MUST HAVE PUT ON A DIFFERENT SUIT AND FORGOTTEN TO TAKE HIS WALLET ALONG. ALL THERE IS IN HIS POCKET IS SOME LOOSE CHANGE! NO MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION AT ALL!
MIGHT AS WELL TAKE HIM TO THE CITY CREMATORIUM. IF HE HAS ANY RELATIVES, THEY CAN CALL FOR HIM THERE!

THAT EVENING, IN THE RADIO NEWSCASTS, MENTION WAS MADE OF THE FATAL ACCIDENT...
IF ANYONE KNOWS WHO THIS UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN IS, WILL THEY PLEASE CONTACT THE CITY CREMATORIUM? IF NO WORD IS HEARD FROM RELATIVES OR FRIENDS IN THREE DAYS, HE WILL BE CREMATED!

AT THAT MOMENT, JANE WALTON WAS VISITING RELATIVES SOME MILES FROM THE CITY...
I USUALLY TURN ON THE NEWS ANNOUNCERS AT THIS TIME!
OH, DARLING, NOT TONIGHT! I'M SO FILLED WITH HAPPINESS, I JUST WANT TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY DARLING AL...
JANE SPENT THE NIGHT OUT OF TOWN...
HE SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT DEAR.
OH, HE IS! RIGHT NOW HE'S FINISHING UP THAT ILLUSTRATION WORK SO WE CAN TAKE AN EXTRA WEEK ON OUR HONEYMOON! I HOPE HE DOESN'T OVERTAX HIS STRENGTH...
BUT—NEXT DAY IN THE CITY...
HE DIDN'T COME HOME AT ALL LAST NIGHT. HMMPFFF! PROBABLY OUT HAVING A GOOD TIME. I DON'T TRUST THESE MEN.
OH, AL ISN'T LIKE THAT! HE SAID HE'D BE HERE, THOUGH—WORKING...
AL HASN'T BEEN IN TO YOUR OFFICE FOR THREE DAYS? OH... THANK YOU!
I-I'M GETTING SCA-SCARED! HE HASN'T BEEN IN TO ANY OF THE EDITORIAL OFFICES THAT USE HIS PICTURES. HE HAS NO RELATIVES IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY! HE HAS NO OTHER PLACE TO GO BUT THIS STUDIO!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE IS HE?
IS HE HURT?
IS THERE ANOTHER WOMAN?
IT WAS A FRANTIC JANE THAT RAN INTO THE INFORMATION BUREAU OF THE METROPOLITAN DAILY NEWSPAPER...
HE COULDN'T DISAPPEAR WITHOUT LEAVING SOME TRACE! YOU HAVE TO HELP ME! YOU HAVE TO!
WE'LL CHECK THE RECENT PAPERS, MA'AM!
3



JANE OPENED TEAR-WET EYES IN SUDDEN SHOCK...

CATALEPSY? OH, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! OF COURSE! AL WAS TAKEN WITH A FIT... IS PROBABLY IN SOME ROOM RIGHT HERE IN THIS PLACE... WAITING FOR ME!

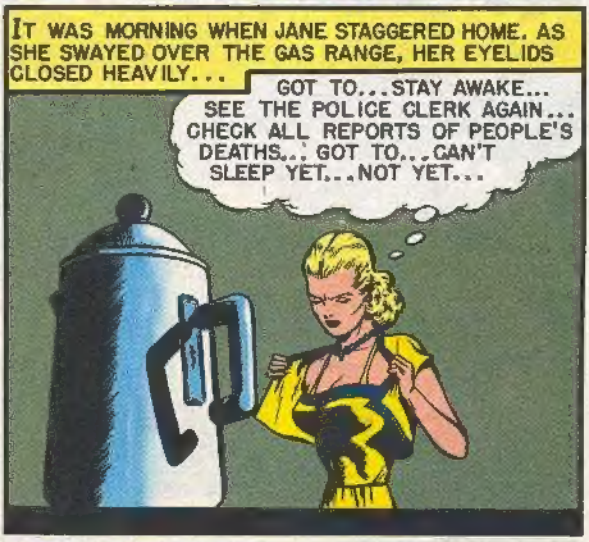
NO. NO ONE BY THAT NAME IS REGISTERED HERE. I'M SORRY.
SU-SUPPOSE...SUPPOSE HE WAS TAKEN WITH A FIT... AND... AND THEY THOUGHT HE WAS— DEAD?
4

IT WAS DUSK WHEN JANE RAN INTO THE FILE DEPARTMENT OF THE LOCAL POLICE BUREAU...
IF — IF HE'S BEEN REPORTED DEAD...THERE MIGHT BE A CHANCE...TO REVIVE HIM... IF I CAN FIND HIM...

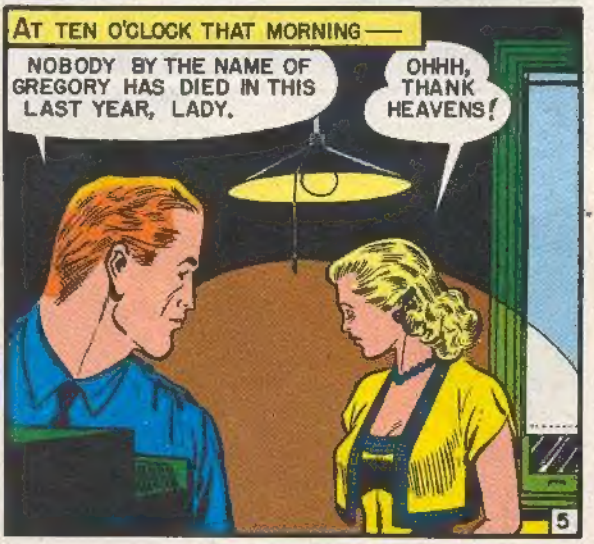
SORRY, LADY. ALL OUR FILES ARE LOCKED UP AT FIVE O'CLOCK. THE OFFICE IS CLOSED...
BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! A FRIEND OF MINE IS SUBJECT TO CATALEPTIC FITS! HE MIGHT BE REPORTED DEAD!
I —

I COULDN'T OPEN THE FILES IF I WANTED TO. THE KEY CLERK HAS GONE HOME. YOU'D NEED A COURT ORDER TO OPEN THEM AT THIS TIME. AND TO GET THAT, YOU'D HAVE TO HAVE SOME PROOF...
I SEE...

STARING BLINDLY AHEAD, JANE WALKED THE STREETS FAR INTO THE NIGHT. HER MIND, SHOCKED AND BLASTED BY AL'S DISAPPEARANCE, REFUSED TO THINK...
TWO DAYS NOW...HE HASN'T BEEN HOME...AND I'VE BEEN TO THE NEWSPAPERS... THE HOSPITALS...THE POLICE... WHAT'S LEFT? WHERE CAN I GO FOR HELP?


IT WAS MORNING WHEN JANE STAGGERED HOME. AS SHE SWAYED OVER THE GAS RANGE, HER EYELIDS CLOSED HEAVILY...
GOT TO...STAY AWAKE... SEE THE POLICE CLERK AGAIN... CHECK ALL REPORTS OF PEOPLE'S DEATHS... GOT TO...CAN'T SLEEP YET...NOT YET...

THIS COFFEE WILL KEEP ME GOING...WILL KEEP ME AWAKE... ALL DAY...
OOO


AT TEN O'CLOCK THAT MORNING —
NOBODY BY THE NAME OF GREGORY HAS DIED IN THIS LAST YEAR, LADY.
OHHH, THANK HEAVENS!

HOWEVER, MAYBE HE WAS PICKED UP WITHOUT ANY IDENTIFICATION ON HIM!

OH, *NO!* HE ALWAYS CARRIES HIS WALLET WITH HIM! THAT HAS HIS *NAME* IN IT. I THINK I'LL CHECK WITH LOCAL DOCTORS.

FROM STREET TO STREET, SOMETIMES USING A TELEPHONE, JANE CHECKED WITH ALL THE DOCTORS...

I'M SORRY. WE HAVE HAD NO PATIENT BY THAT NAME.

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENED! IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE EARTH OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED HIM.

DR. J.D. KRANS

ANOTHER LOOK AT HOSPITAL RECORDS...

NO ALBERT GREGORY! SORRY...

SORRY! NO AL GREGORY! NO RECORD! SORRY! SORRY NO NOT HERE NOT HERE! NO! NO SORRY! NEVER HEARD OF HIM NO SORRY NO RECORD NO

DAZED, SICK, AND HALF-ASLEEP AS SHE STUMBLED INTO AL'S STUDIO, JANE STARED DOWN AT—HIS WALLET!

OH MY *HEAVENS!* HE *DIDN'T* TAKE HIS WALLET WITH HIM—THEN HOW WOULD ANYONE KNOW WHO HE WAS? HE MIGHT BE SICK...HURT...EVEN *DEAD*... OR IN A CATALEPTIC FIT...AND BE BURIED—*UNIDENTIFIED!*

IDENTIFICATION

NAME- Albert Gregory Sr.

ADDRESS- 104 Main

CITY- Big City

GOT TO—GO TO THE MORGUE—SEE IF HIS BODY IS THERE! MAYBE HE'S STILL IN THE FIT! THEY LAST FOR *DAYS* SOMETIMES...

BUT IN THE MORGUE ATTACHED TO THE CREMATORY...

GUESS THIS FELLA HAS NO RELATIVES. MIGHT AS WELL MOVE HIM DOWN TO THE FURNACE ROOM, JIM.

GUESS SO. THE THREE DAYS ARE UP!

THIS IS THE LAST JOB FOR THE DAY. MIGHT AS WELL GET EVERYTHING READY FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE I DUMP HIM IN...
I'LL DISCONNECT THE TELEPHONE AND TURN OFF ALL THE LIGHTS BUT THE EMERGENCY LIGHT. THEN WHEN I FINISH WITH HIM, I CAN GO HOME!
THE IRON DOOR OF THE FURNACE IS OPENED, AND THE STRETCHER MOVES FORWARD TOWARD THE FIERCE HEAT...
SO LONG, BUDDY!
AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE LOCAL CREMATORIUM...
YES'M. ALL UNIDENTIFIED DEAD PEOPLE ARE TAKEN IN THERE, TO THE MORGUE. IF THEY AREN'T IDENTIFIED, THEY'RE PUT INTO THE FURNACE AND CREMATED.
OH, THANK YOU...I HOPE I'M IN TIME!
THOSE ARE ALL WE HAVE, LADY—EXCEPT THE ONES THAT HAVE BEEN CREMATED ALREADY.
I—I SEE. THANK YOU...
AS JANE TURNED TO LEAVE, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE FURNACE ROOM AN INCREDULOUS ATTENDANT STARED DOWN AT THE LIFELESS AL IN SHOCKED HORROR!
—GULP!—HE—HE'S *SWEATING!* BU—BUT A *DEAD MAN* CAN'T SWEAT! HE—HE MUST BE *ALIVE!* AND—AND I WAS JUST ABOUT TO—TO DUMP HIM IN THAT—*THAT FIRE!*
UPSTAIRS, SOME MOMENTS LATER....
SWEAT ON HIS FOREHEAD FROM THE HOT FIRE. THAT'S WHAT I SAW!
IT WAS *LUCKY* FOR HIM YOU *DID!*
WHEN YOU COME TO, DARLING, I'LL BE HERE, WAITING! AND I'LL NEVER LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT AGAIN! NEVER!
THE END.

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

DIRECTIONS: Look at the front cover of this comic – does it say CRIME PATROL? If so, this is the LAST ISSUE! Thanks for your patronage. If it says WAR AGAINST CRIME, hang around! There's ONE MORE issue to go! If you have some comments to make on CRIME PATROL, go ahead and mail them and watch for the LAST EC COMICS LETTERCOLUMN in WAR AGAINST CRIME #11.
– THE CRYPT-KEEPER

Dear WAR AGAINST CRIME,

It is a bittersweet experience to ponder the furtive, fidgety fingertappings for my final submittals to appear under the legendary EC aegis.

In WAR AGAINST CRIME #8, "The Last Round" goes to 'Freddy' Jordan, a pseudonym for the pseudonym you otherwise would've given him to protect his identity in this true story. It would be interesting to know who the real boxing champion was whose title was so unscrupulously wrested away from him. It wasn't long after the wife died that I put two and two together, noticing that the son was left unaccounted for, and guessed the outcome.

Gimple sure iced the title villain of "The Rise and Fall of Blackie Archer." Really creamed him! Poor Archer succumbed to a rampant fate. Ya! Ya!

In "Mystery Woman Betrays Brooklin Murder Mob!", ex-boxer Ike Dugan displays more grit than gray matter, getting gunned down gamely giving chase to greedy gunsels. So, since this is not labeled a true story, are those the *real* names of these fictional characters? Besides being a death threat, the Ace of Spades is also a handy hole card to have in the poker game Chicago. Indeed, it's the gunsels who are dealt the losing hand in this tale! Please print address.

Bob Gorby
10566 Grove Oak DR
Santa Ana, CA 92705

You might check the OED for 'gunsel' before using it while playing Chicago with guys named Ike. – CK

Greetings! I got up early this morning before the neighbors start shouting (which is called a 'domestic dispute' by the cops) and read WAC #8 which a guy called Leo in the comic shop drew my attention to. I'd been unaware that Gemstone is now publishing this title and had never ever heard of WAR AGAINST CRIME. I enjoyed reading WAC #8 on a misty Saturday morning here in 'Wester Hailes' which is quite a rough area. Some days I feel like starting a big war against crime here but I've started letterhacking and writing stuff again. I don't have a mask and a black cloak at the moment. Does 'Crime Smasher' sound okay?

My fave strip this issue is definitely "The Last Round," a clever story with a twist at the end. I never twigged it that Freddy was a police agent. Makes me think of the writing of Edgar Wallace, the UK writer who published prolifically back in 'Nineteen Canteen' when it was really cool to be a police spy. Al Feldstein's comics work in this strip reminds me of Carl Burgos drawing The Human Torch, only with a bit more detail. I understand from what I've read of US comics history that most of the comic companies of the Golden Age had closed down by 49, altho the Golden Age is 38 to 49 I think. I was unaware that EC had published in the late 40s and had thought of EC as a 50s phenomenon. I'll check out CRIME PATROL when I'm next at the comic shop. I read the interesting PSYCHOANALYSIS issues Gemstone published a year ago. Those ought to be read at The Hospital as it's called locally.

"The Rise and Fall of Blackie Archer" I found a bit long-winded but it has a curious charm, set in 1905 and again resembling Edgar Wallace–land. I didn't realize that it's drawn by Graham Ingels until I looked at the info at the end of the comic. It's different from his later work which is more distinctive but I don't dislike this earlier work of Ingels which I find quite 40s-ish and Golden Age. I sometimes wonder why some folks refer to the wartime period as the Golden Age. In this country, some folks refer to the Great Depression of the 30s as the good old days. May be that's 'cos everybody conformed in those days.

"Mystery women betrays Brooklyn Murder Mob" is a good comic I think, requiring quite a bit of concentration on my part in order to follow the storyline. I often find that I read a paragraph then realize I haven't taken in what I've been reading. I've never heard of Rudy Palais. His work is a bit tight but not too bad, in my opinion. It's an ok strip – a good read.

I like a good read and read crime fiction like Edgar Wallace, Leslie Charteris and the amazing John Creasey. Books by Creasey used to sell millions during the 50s: The Baron, The Toff, Gideon, Patrick Dawlish, Bruce Murdoch, Dr. Palfrey, Department Z. Recommended.

Thanks for a boss issue of WAR AGAINST CRIME. Here's to the *Commandante's* health! That's a line from a 50s ZORRO TV series episode.

John Miller
Edinburgh, SCOTLAND

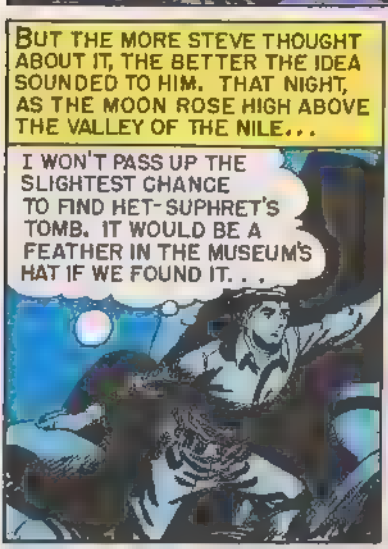
Miller was one of our premier letterhacks for the EC sf comics, and I'm only sorry he didn't write me and the other Ghoulunatics, and the other EC titles in the meantime!

John, I've run your Ghosty strip here, but will apologize for not cleaning up the tiny black dots that run top to bottom through the middle of the page. –CK

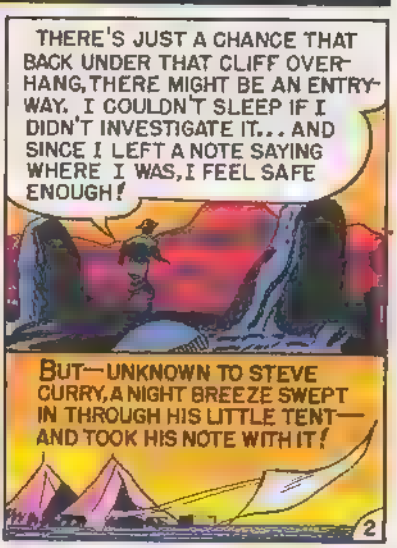
We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters; to do so we need your address on the individual letter.

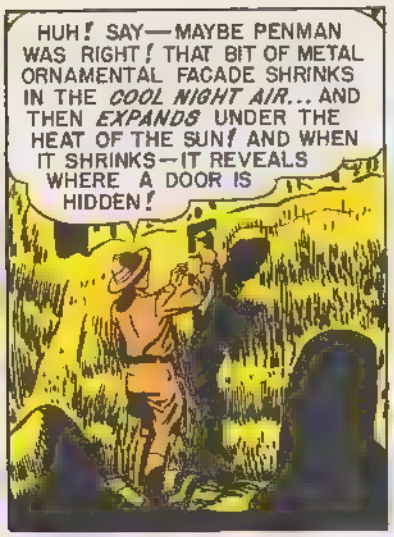
TRAPPED in the TOMB
ALONE IN AN AIRLESS TOMB THAT HAD LAIN BURIED FOR FORTY CENTURIES, YOUNG STEVE CURRY FACED DEATH WITH AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY AS A SILENT SPECTATOR OF HIS TORTURE! LUNGS BURSTING, FINGERS SHREDDED FROM FUTILE SCRAPINGS AT A ROUGH STONE WALL, HE COUGHED OUT HIS LIFE, KNOWING THERE WAS NO HOPE!
ON THE HOT SANDS OF THE VALLEY OF THE NILE, THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM PITCHED THEIR TENTS. AMONG THEM WERE STEVE CURRY AND HELEN CORWIN...
HET-SUPHRET'S TOMB IS SOMEWHERE IN THOSE CLIFFS, HELEN. IF WE CAN FIND IT, WE'LL BE FAMOUS.
IF WE FIND IT BEFORE HERB PENMAN, THAT IS!
SOMEBODY MENTION MY NAME?
HANGING AROUND TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN, PENMAN?
STEVE --PLEASE!
1

MATTER OF FACT, I'M PULLING OUT OF HERE. GOT AN OFFER TO EXAMINE THE SIN-KIANG RUINS IN INNER CHINA. THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU SOME TIPS, BEFORE I GO.
MIGHTY KIND OF YOU! THE MUSEUM FIRED YOU FOR PADDING YOUR ACCOUNT, AND FOR STEALING ART TREASURES YOU UNCOVERED. WHAT KIND OF HINT CAN YOU GIVE US?
DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING IN WHAT HE SAYS?
COULD BE. BUT I DON'T TRUST HIM. WHY SHOULD HE TELL US THAT—IF THERE WERE ANY TRUTH TO IT? AFTER ALL, HE COULD TAKE THE TOMB'S TREASURES HIMSELF IF HE KNEW WHERE IT WAS!
HET-SUPHRET WAS A MOON-WORSHIPPER. MAYBE THE LIGHT OF THE MOON WILL SHOW YOU THE ENTRANCE TO HIS TOMB. YOU NEVER CAN TELL!
SWELL CHANCE. BUT THANKS, ANYHOW!


BUT THE MORE STEVE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE BETTER THE IDEA SOUNDED TO HIM. THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON ROSE HIGH ABOVE THE VALLEY OF THE NILE...
I WON'T PASS UP THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE TO FIND HET-SUPHRET'S TOMB. IT WOULD BE A FEATHER IN THE MUSEUM'S HAT IF WE FOUND IT...

HIGH ABOVE HIM...
HERE HE COMES. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?
I UNDERSTAND. HE IS TO BE BURIED ALIVE!

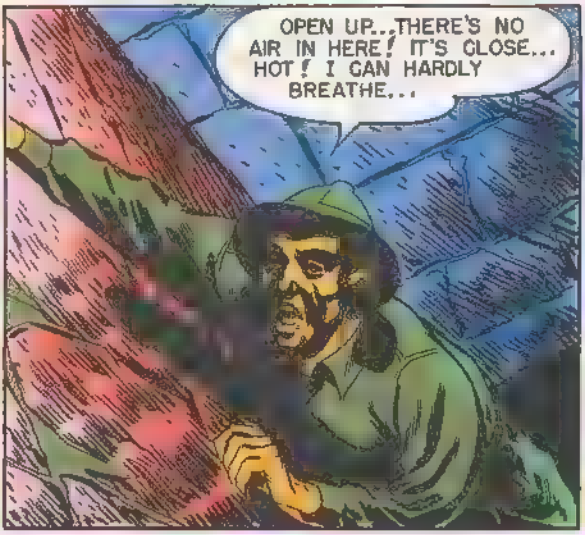

THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THAT BACK UNDER THAT CLIFF OVERHANG, THERE MIGHT BE AN ENTRYWAY. I COULDN'T SLEEP IF I DIDN'T INVESTIGATE IT... AND SINCE I LEFT A NOTE SAYING WHERE I WAS, I FEEL SAFE ENOUGH!
BUT—UNKNOWN TO STEVE CURRY, A NIGHT BREEZE SWEPT IN THROUGH HIS LITTLE TENT—AND TOOK HIS NOTE WITH IT!

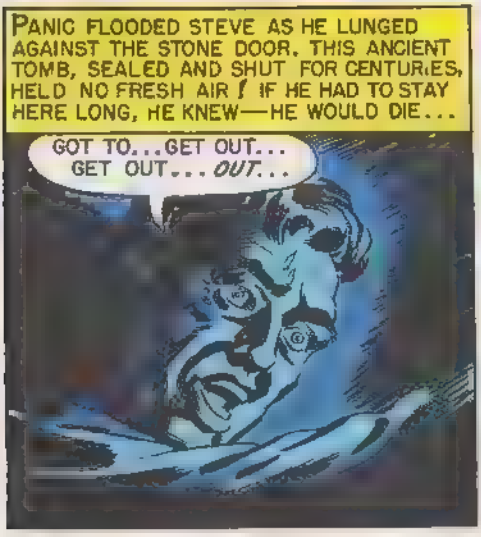

HUH! SAY—MAYBE PENMAN WAS RIGHT! THAT BIT OF METAL ORNAMENTAL FACADE SHRINKS IN THE *COOL NIGHT AIR*... AND THEN *EXPANDS* UNDER THE HEAT OF THE SUN! AND WHEN IT SHRINKS—IT REVEALS WHERE A DOOR IS HIDDEN!

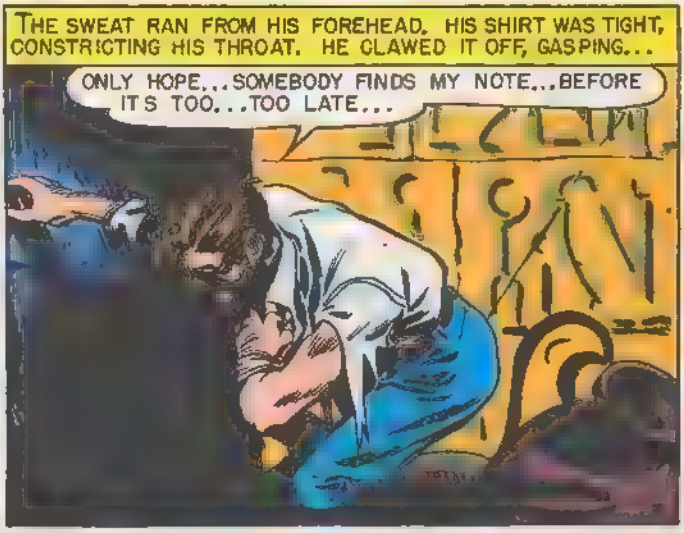
A TOMB, ALL RIGHT! BUT I'LL HAVE TO USE MY FLASH-LIGHT TO LEARN IF IT'S HET-SUPHRET'S.

HE WENT IN! NOW HE WILL STAY IN—FOREVER!
THE FOOL! HA! HA! HA!

AS THE GIGANTIC STONE PORTAL CLOSED BEHIND HIM, STEVE CURRY GAVE A SHOUT OF DISMAY...
NO! NO! DON'T CLOSE... STOP! STOP!


OPEN UP..THERE'S NO AIR IN HERE! IT'S CLOSE... HOT! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE...


PANIC FLOODED STEVE AS HE LUNGED AGAINST THE STONE DOOR. THIS ANCIENT TOMB, SEALED AND SHUT FOR CENTURIES, HELD NO FRESH AIR! IF HE HAD TO STAY HERE LONG, HE KNEW—HE WOULD DIE...
GOT TO...GET OUT... GET OUT... *OUT*...

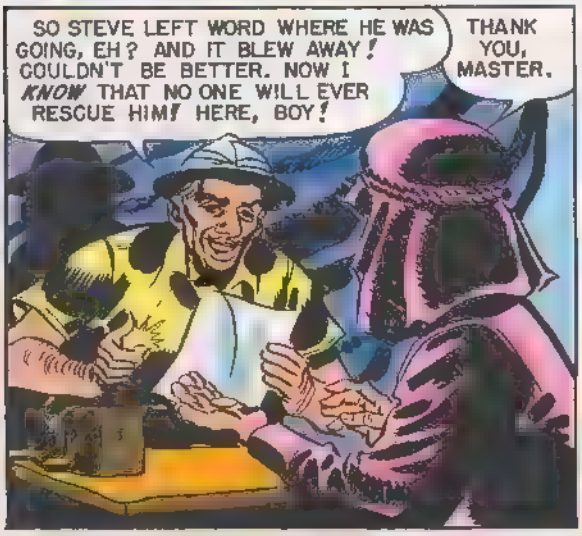

THE SWEAT RAN FROM HIS FOREHEAD. HIS SHIRT WAS TIGHT, CONSTRICTING HIS THROAT. HE CLAWED IT OFF, GASPING...
ONLY HOPE...SOMEBODY FINDS MY NOTE...BEFORE IT'S TOO...TOO LATE...

ALL NIGHT LONG THE BREEZE SWEPT HIS NOTE ALONG THE SANDY BOTTOMS OF THE NILE VALLEY...
SOME HOURS AFTER DAWN...
DAD, I HAVEN'T SEEN STEVE ANYWHERE. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS?
WHY, NO, BUT HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND! LOOK AROUND FOR HIM!
ALL DAY HELEN SEARCHED ALONG THE CLIFFS. TOWARD EVENING—
THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS, HELEN! HE MIGHT BE LYING WITH A BROKEN LEG SOMEWHERE!.
WHAT WILL WE DO? DADDY— WE MUST FIND HIM! WE MUST!
SOMETHING WRONG?
STEVE'S DISAPPEARED! WE'VE HAD ALL OUR MEN OUT SEARCHING, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE CLUE!
AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY...
AH, A BIT OF PAPER. AND THERE IS WRITING ON IT!
AH, BUT THE LANGUAGE IS ONE I DO NOT KNOW. HOWEVER, SINCE THIS MAY BE IMPORTANT, I SHALL CARRY IT WITH ME...
IN THE TOMB OF HET-SUPHRET...

DYING...NO AIR...NOT ENOUGH STRENGTH TO GET UP...

WITH A THROATY GURGLE, STEVE CURRY ROLLED OVER. HIS HANDS WORKED FEEBLY AT HIS THROAT, THEN GREW OMINOUSLY STILL...

ALL NIGHT LONG, HASSAN AWALLAH TRAVELLED THE SANDY WASTES, AND AT DAWN...
REVERED MASTER, I ASK A FAVOR.
WHAT'S THAT? IF I CAN HELP YOU, I WILL...

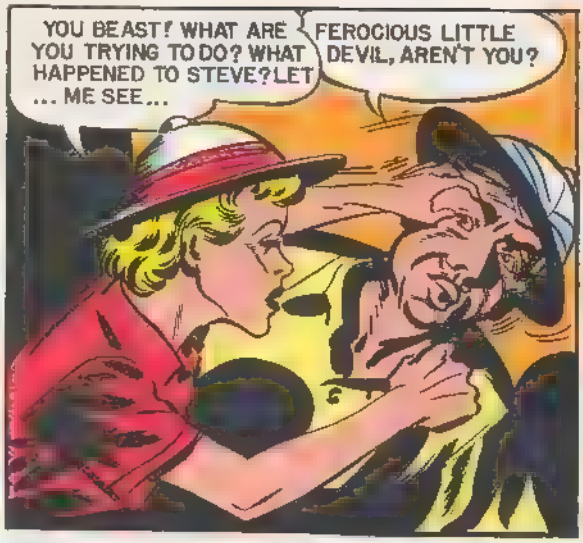

SO STEVE LEFT WORD WHERE HE WAS GOING, EH? AND IT BLEW AWAY! COULDN'T BE BETTER. NOW I KNOW THAT NO ONE WILL EVER RESCUE HIM! HERE, BOY!
THANK YOU, MASTER.

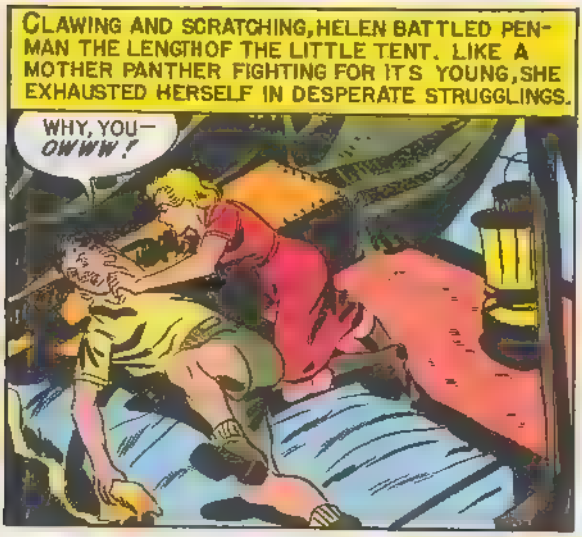
JUST TO MAKE SURE, I'LL BURN IT! SINCE STEVE CURRY WAS THE SMART GUY WHO DISCOVERED I WAS MAKING SOME EXTRA MONEY BY TAKING THOSE ART TREASURES FROM MUSEUM SHIPMENTS—LET HIM SUFFOCATE!

OH, HERE YOU ARE! STEVE HASN'T RETURNED YET! I'M FRANTIC! HERB, YOU HAVE TO HELP!
WHY, OF COURSE, HELEN. JUST A MINUTE. I WANT TO DESTROY THIS NOTE!

WHY—THAT'S STEVE'S HANDWRITING ON THAT PAPER! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE!
HE SENT IT TO ME. TELLS ME HE'S LEAVING EGYPT. HE DOESN'T LIKE THE AIR!

YOU'RE LYING! LET ME SEE THAT NOTE! DON'T BURN IT... I WANT TO... READ IT!
OH, NO!

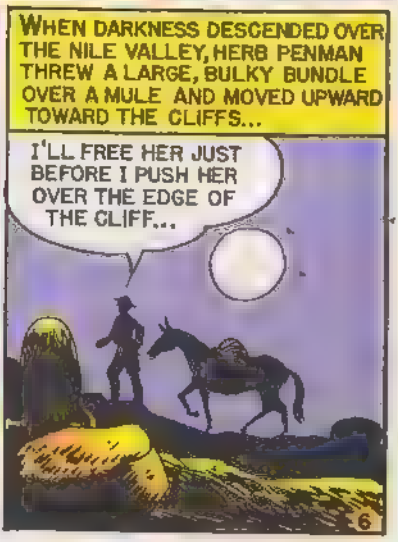

YOU BEAST! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? WHAT HAPPENED TO STEVE? LET ... ME SEE...
FEROCIOUS LITTLE DEVIL, AREN'T YOU?


CLAWING AND SCRATCHING, HELEN BATTLED PENMAN THE LENGTH OF THE LITTLE TENT. LIKE A MOTHER PANTHER FIGHTING FOR ITS YOUNG, SHE EXHAUSTED HERSELF IN DESPERATE STRUGGLINGS.
WHY, YOU— OWWW!

IF THIS IS THE WAY YOU WANT IT, THIS IS THE WAY YOU'LL GET IT! I GOT STEVE OUT OF THE WAY... I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY, TOO!

YOU'LL LIE THERE UNTIL DARK. THEN YOU AND I WILL GO UP THE CLIFF. OVER YOU'LL GO— SO THAT WHEN THEY FIND YOU DEAD AT THE BOTTOM, THEY'LL THINK IT AN ACCIDENT!

THAT AFTERNOON...
HERB, I CAME OVER TO ASK IF YOU'VE SEEN HELEN!
SORRY. HAVEN'T LAID EYES ON HER!


WHEN DARKNESS DESCENDED OVER THE NILE VALLEY, HERB PENMAN THREW A LARGE, BULKY BUNDLE OVER A MULE AND MOVED UPWARD TOWARD THE CLIFFS...
I'LL FREE HER JUST BEFORE I PUSH HER OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...

ONE SIMPLE LITTLE PUSH, AND SHE'LL BE KILLED WHEN SHE HITS THE STONE RUINS BELOW...
DON'T MAKE A MOVE, PENMAN! YOU'VE OVER-REACHED YOURSELF THIS TIME...
WHA--?
I SAW FINGERNAIL SCRATCHES ON YOUR CHEEK THIS AFTERNOON WHEN I ASKED IF YOU'D SEEN HELEN! SINCE HELEN IS THE ONLY GIRL AROUND, SHE MUST HAVE MADE THEM. SO— I KNEW YOU LIED!
WE FOLLOWED YOU UP HERE, DEAR. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES... I AM— BUT STEVE! HERB DID SOMETHING TO STEVE...
YOU BET I DID! I TRAPPED HIM IN HET-SUPHRET'S TOMB! HE'S DEAD BY THIS TIME!
IT WAS A FRANTIC HELEN WHO AIDED THE NATIVE WORKERS TO THRUST ASIDE THE GIGANTIC STONE PORTAL—
STEVE! OHHH— HE'S DEAD... DEAD...
BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP INSIDE STEVE CURRY, THE FLAME OF LIFE STILL LINGERED! PERHAPS IT WAS A BREATH OF THE COOL NIGHT AIR, OR THE SOUND OF HELEN'S VOICE IN HIS EARS, BUT HIS EYELIDS FLUTTERED FAINTLY...
HE'S ALIVE! I SAW HIS EYES MOVE!
CALL UP A STRETCHER! WE'LL HAVE HIM ON HIS FEET IN NO TIME AT ALL....
SOME DAYS LATER...
HERB OUTSMARTED HIMSELF. HE FOUND THE TOMB AND LOOTED IT— THEN DECIDED TO GET RID OF ME. BUT HE FORGOT THAT IF I WAS SAVED ALIVE— I'D KNOW IT WAS HET-SUPHRET'S TOMB— AND THAT WE'D GET THE STUFF HE LOOTED FROM IT!

A BOTTLE OF MURDER!

The story can be told, now. The bottle is back on the shelves in the laboratory. But for a time, it was being passed around from hand to hand in the streets of a big city—and if it had been broken, the entire city would have blown up!

Maybe *you* handled that bottle, or *you*, or even *you!* It contained a new explosive that is as powerful as an atomic bomb since it was made from a by-product of the Manhattan Project research laboratories. It was taken out by accident and lost. The man who took it out thought it was a bottle of perfume to be delivered to one of the executive's wives. And the lady's maid, knowing it was not perfume, put it aside on the kitchen table. A delivery boy took it into his basket amid some empty bottles to be returned to his store—and the damage was done!

Frantic efforts by the Project engineers were made to recover it. They realized the danger. If that bottle were broken, or its contents exposed to the air, a gigantic explosion would occur! Radio appeals were made by desperate announcers, whose task was aggravated by the fact that they could not tell the *real* truth, or the people might panic!

And while F.B.I. men poured into town to make house-to-house canvasses for the vial, people were handling it. The delivery boy left it with the bottles he collected in a wooden half-crate. It was swung up on a big truck and went rattling through the city—past your house, perhaps! Even while you were playing in the street, or cleaning the house, or just sitting and listening to a radio show, Death went past you with cold and pallid hand!

In the bottling plant a girl found it and thought it was perfume. She tried to open it. If she had succeeded, the contact of air on that volatile liquid would have ripped half a city to charred ruins. But she could not open it. And yet, the bottle could be opened very easily. That was what the Project engineers feared, as they sweated and lost years with worry, half fearing the ground would rise up under them in one undulating movement!

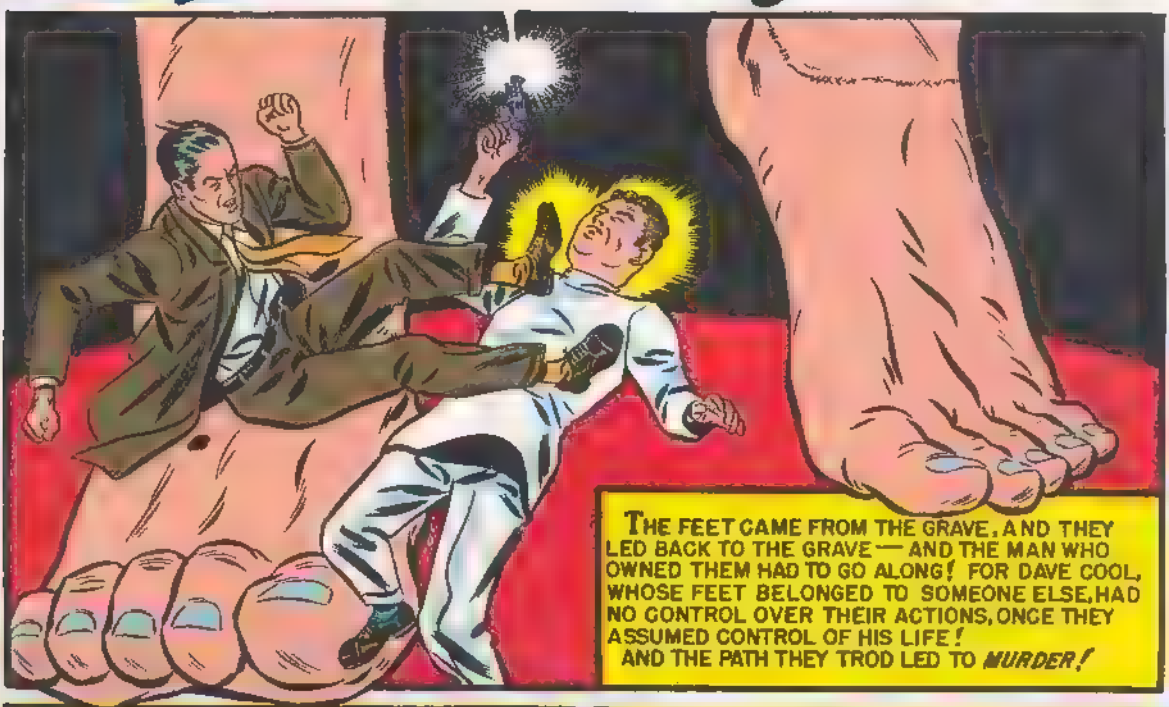
The girl took the bottle home with her and gave it to her little sister to play with. The sister and some boys and girls she knew played *catch* with it! If one had dropped it—! But after a while they grew tired of that and put the bottle down, and some boys began to throw rocks at it. Luckily, a housewife leaned from the window and chased them away. When she saw the bottle, she picked it up and tossed it into her ashcan. Perhaps your mother was that woman.

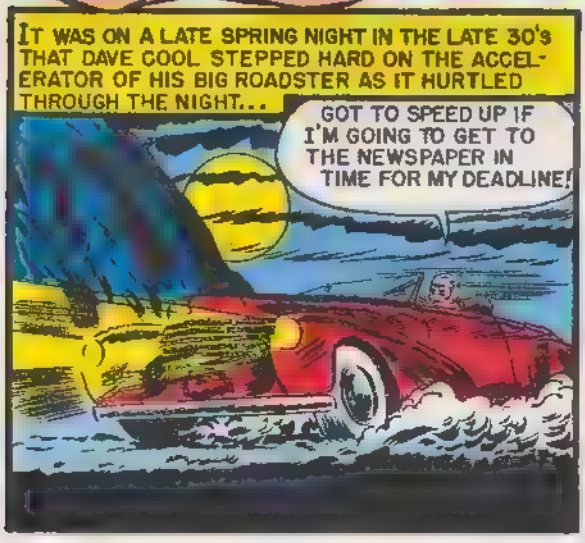
And from the ashcan it went into the big garbage trucks and trundled off across the city to the dump. A tramp found the bottle in the dump, thought it might be drinkable and tried to open it. He picked up a brick—

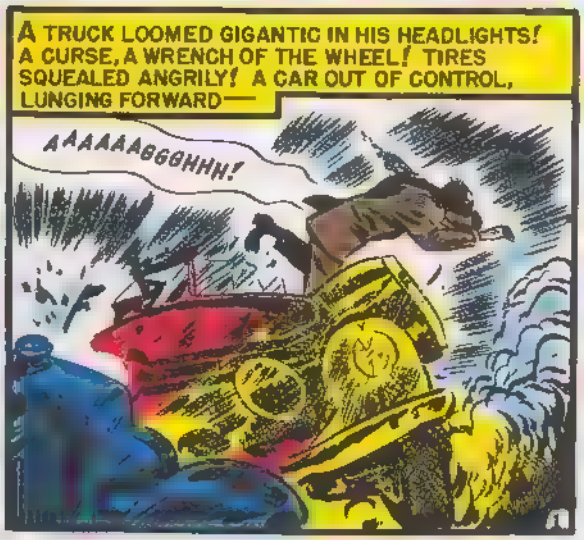
Just then an F.B.I. agent drew up, saw the bottle and yelled. He picked it up, stuffed it in a pail of water, and drove off.

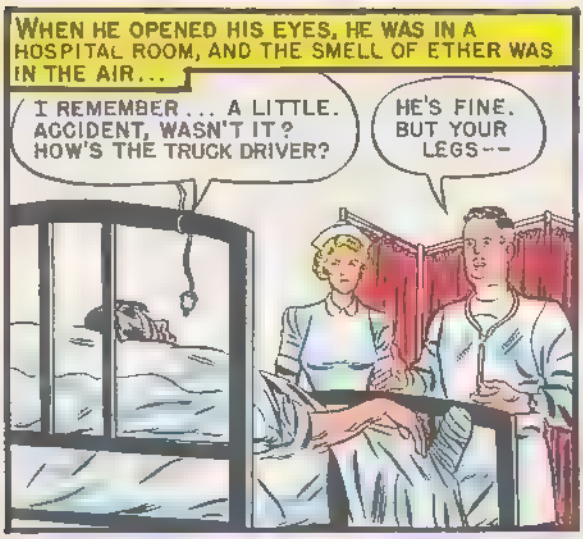
Only now can we reveal that the stopper of the bottle had a *reverse* thread. Turn it to the right instead of the left — and — it would have been a bottle of murder!

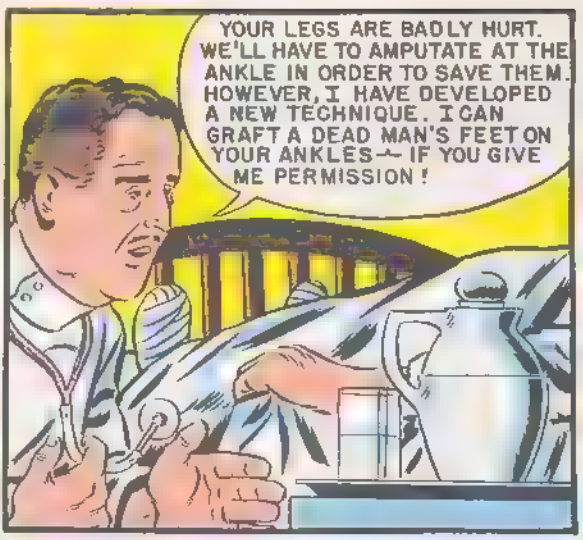
THE GRAVEYARD feet

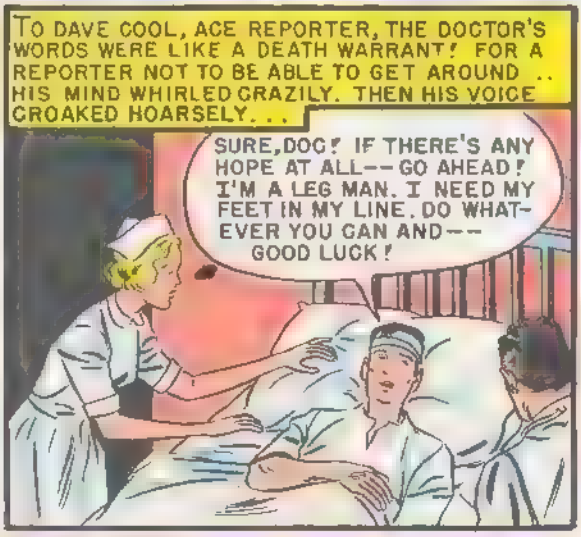

THE FEET CAME FROM THE GRAVE, AND THEY LED BACK TO THE GRAVE — AND THE MAN WHO OWNED THEM HAD TO GO ALONG! FOR DAVE COOL, WHOSE FEET BELONGED TO SOMEONE ELSE, HAD NO CONTROL OVER THEIR ACTIONS, ONCE THEY ASSUMED CONTROL OF HIS LIFE! AND THE PATH THEY TROD LED TO MURDER!

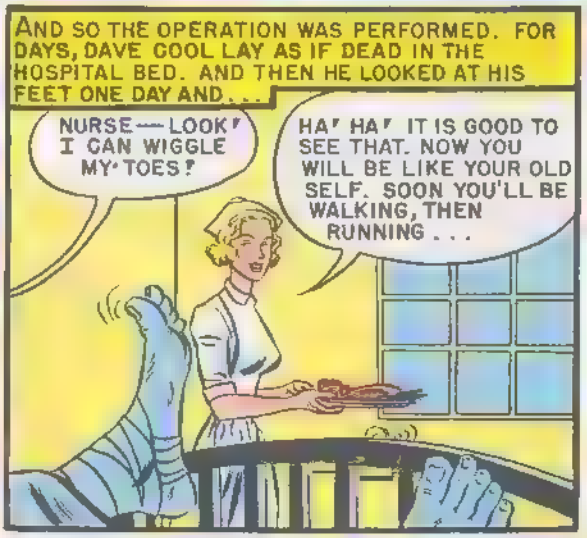

IT WAS ON A LATE SPRING NIGHT IN THE LATE 30's THAT DAVE COOL STEPPED HARD ON THE ACCELERATOR OF HIS BIG ROADSTER AS IT HURTLED THROUGH THE NIGHT...
GOT TO SPEED UP IF I'M GOING TO GET TO THE NEWSPAPER IN TIME FOR MY DEADLINE!

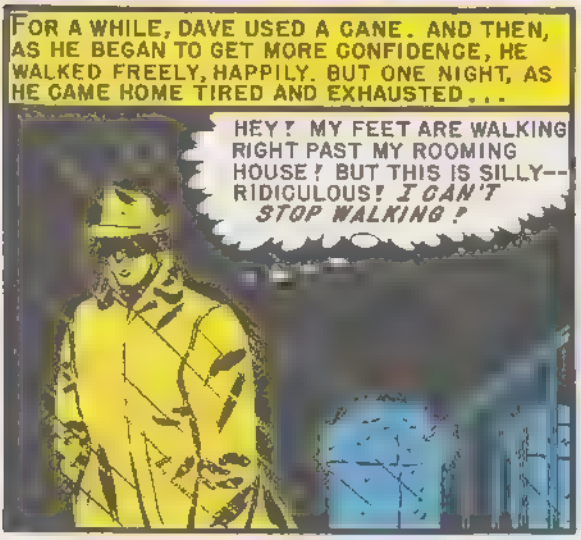

A TRUCK LOOMED GIGANTIC IN HIS HEADLIGHTS! A CURSE, A WRENCH OF THE WHEEL! TIRES SQUEALED ANGRILY! A CAR OUT OF CONTROL, LUNGING FORWARD —
AAAAAABGGHHH!

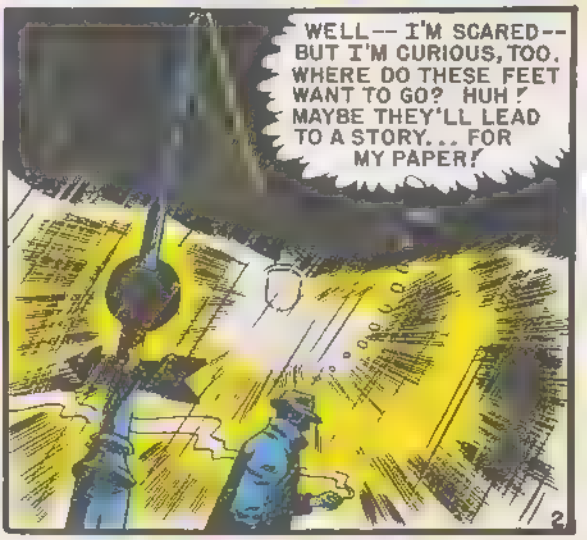

WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, HE WAS IN A HOSPITAL ROOM, AND THE SMELL OF ETHER WAS IN THE AIR...
I REMEMBER... A LITTLE ACCIDENT, WASN'T IT? HOW'S THE TRUCK DRIVER?
HE'S FINE. BUT YOUR LEGS--


YOUR LEGS ARE BADLY HURT. WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE AT THE ANKLE IN ORDER TO SAVE THEM. HOWEVER, I HAVE DEVELOPED A NEW TECHNIQUE. I CAN GRAFT A DEAD MAN'S FEET ON YOUR ANKLES -- IF YOU GIVE ME PERMISSION!

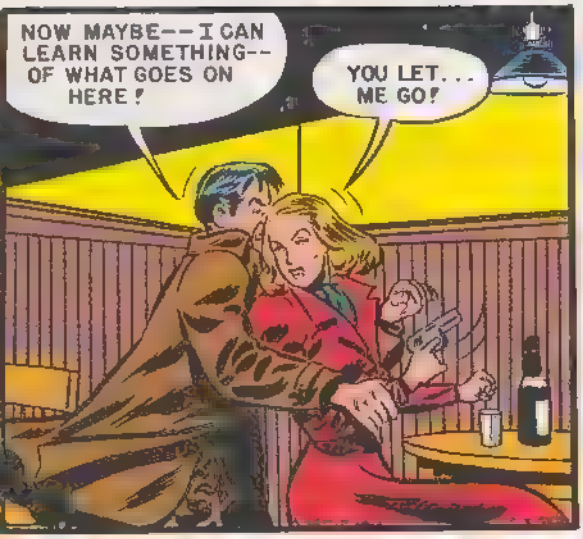

TO DAVE COOL, ACE REPORTER, THE DOCTOR'S WORDS WERE LIKE A DEATH WARRANT! FOR A REPORTER NOT TO BE ABLE TO GET AROUND .. HIS MIND WHIRLED CRAZILY. THEN HIS VOICE CROAKED HOARSELY...
SURE, DOC! IF THERE'S ANY HOPE AT ALL -- GO AHEAD! I'M A LEG MAN. I NEED MY FEET IN MY LINE. DO WHATEVER YOU CAN AND -- GOOD LUCK!

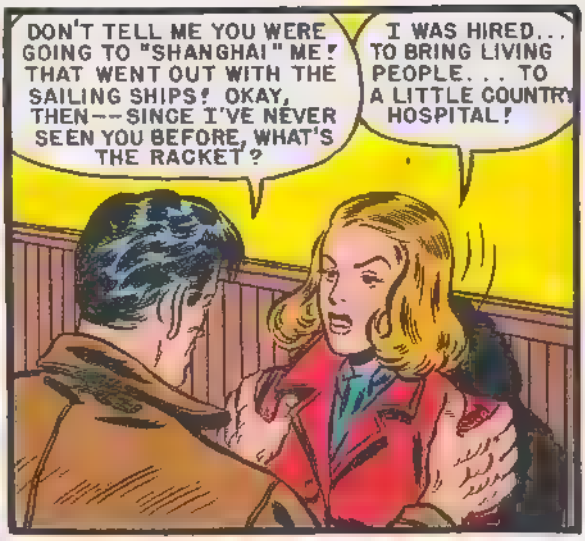

AND SO THE OPERATION WAS PERFORMED. FOR DAYS, DAVE COOL LAY AS IF DEAD IN THE HOSPITAL BED. AND THEN HE LOOKED AT HIS FEET ONE DAY AND...
NURSE -- LOOK! I CAN WIGGLE MY TOES!
HA! HA! IT IS GOOD TO SEE THAT. NOW YOU WILL BE LIKE YOUR OLD SELF. SOON YOU'LL BE WALKING, THEN RUNNING...

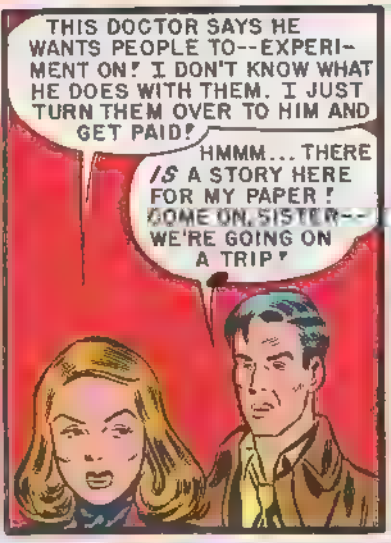

FOR A WHILE, DAVE USED A CANE. AND THEN, AS HE BEGAN TO GET MORE CONFIDENCE, HE WALKED FREELY, HAPPILY. BUT ONE NIGHT, AS HE CAME HOME TIRED AND EXHAUSTED...
HEY! MY FEET ARE WALKING RIGHT PAST MY ROOMING HOUSE! BUT THIS IS SILLY -- RIDICULOUS! I CAN'T STOP WALKING!

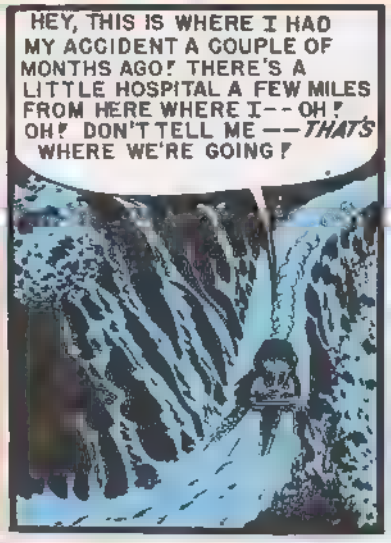

WELL -- I'M SCARED -- BUT I'M CURIOUS, TOO. WHERE DO THESE FEET WANT TO GO? HUH! MAYBE THEY'LL LEAD TO A STORY... FOR MY PAPER!

IT WAS A MURKY, GLOOMY NIGHT DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT AS DAVE WANDERED RESTLESSLY, BACK AND FORTH...
SHE SEEMS ANXIOUS TO HAVE ME FOLLOW HER... BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT MY FEET ARE TAKING ME FOR A WALK TONIGHT-- NOT ME, MY FEET!
I AM GOING TO FOLLOW HER, IT SEEMS! I DON'T GET IT! WHY SHOULD MY FEET BRING ME DOWN HERE... JUST TO FOLLOW A PRETTY GIRL?
AS DAVE ENTERED THE TAVERN.
GET HIM, BOYS!
WHA--?
BUT DAVE'S FEET WERE NOT AS STUNNED AS HIS MIND. THEY LEFT THE GROUND AND KICKED OUT-- IN THE FRENCH BOXING METHOD-- THE SAVATTE!
HUH! I NEVER DID THIS BEFORE!
BONG!
MY FEET SEEM TO KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO... TO GET ME OUT OF TROUBLE!
I'M BEGINNING TO GET A BANG OUT OF THIS-- AND SO ARE YOU!
IF THOSE STUPID FOOLS CAN'T PUT YOU OUT OF COMMISSION-- MAYBE I CAN!
BAMMM!
3.


NOW MAYBE--I CAN LEARN SOMETHING-- OF WHAT GOES ON HERE!
YOU LET... ME GO!

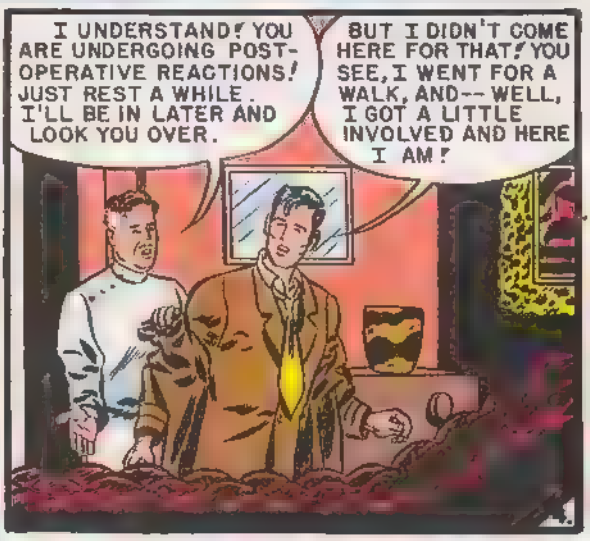

DON'T TELL ME YOU WERE GOING TO "SHANGHAI" ME! THAT WENT OUT WITH THE SAILING SHIPS! OKAY, THEN--SINCE I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE, WHAT'S THE RACKET?
I WAS HIRED... TO BRING LIVING PEOPLE... TO A LITTLE COUNTRY HOSPITAL!

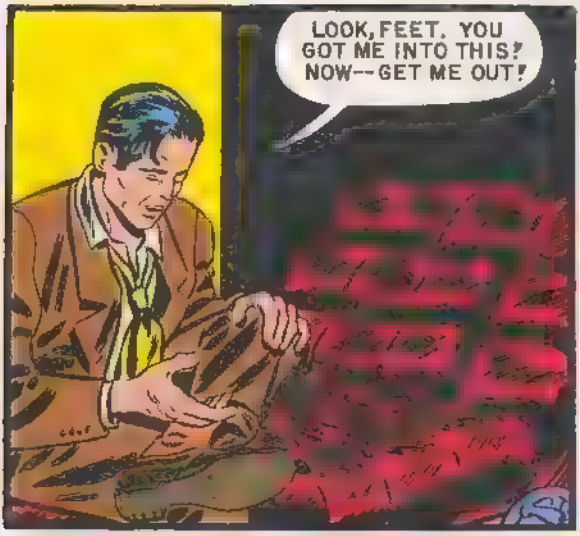

THIS DOCTOR SAYS HE WANTS PEOPLE TO--EXPERIMENT ON! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DOES WITH THEM. I JUST TURN THEM OVER TO HIM AND GET PAID!
HMMM... THERE *IS* A STORY HERE FOR MY PAPER! COME ON, SISTER-- WE'RE GOING ON A TRIP!

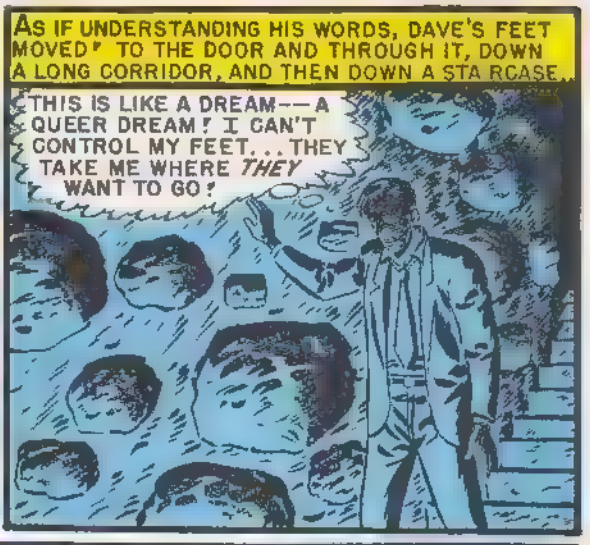

HEY, THIS IS WHERE I HAD MY ACCIDENT A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO! THERE'S A LITTLE HOSPITAL A FEW MILES FROM HERE WHERE I--OH! OH! DON'T TELL ME--*THAT'S* WHERE WE'RE GOING!

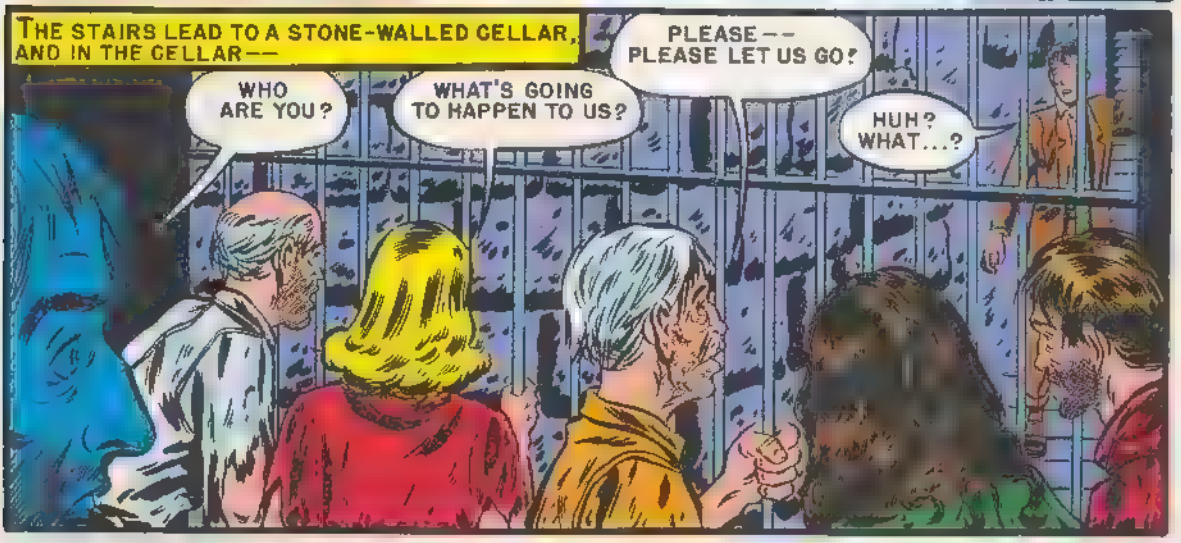
THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT. MY-ER-FEET WERE OPERATED ON, HERE!
I BROUGHT PEOPLE HERE AND GOT PAID. WHAT HE DID WITH THEM, I DON'T KNOW!

AH, YOU HAVE RETURNED. AND HOW ARE YOUR FEET?
FINE, DOC... EXCEPT THAT THEY KEEP GETTING ME IN TROUBLE! I KEEP GETTING THE IDEA THAT WHOEVER OWNED THEM WAS--*MURDERED!*

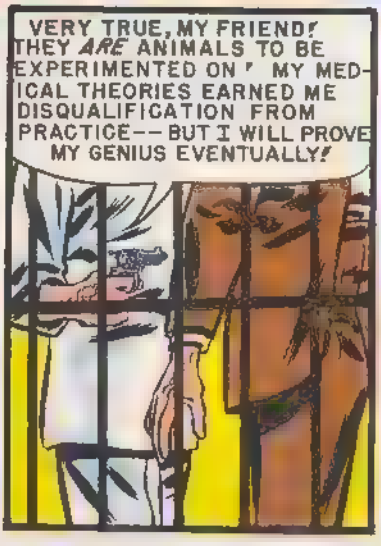

I UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE UNDERGOING POST-OPERATIVE REACTIONS! JUST REST A WHILE. I'LL BE IN LATER AND LOOK YOU OVER.
BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE FOR THAT! YOU SEE, I WENT FOR A WALK, AND--WELL, I GOT A LITTLE INVOLVED AND HERE I AM!


LOOK, FEET. YOU GOT ME INTO THIS? NOW--GET ME OUT!

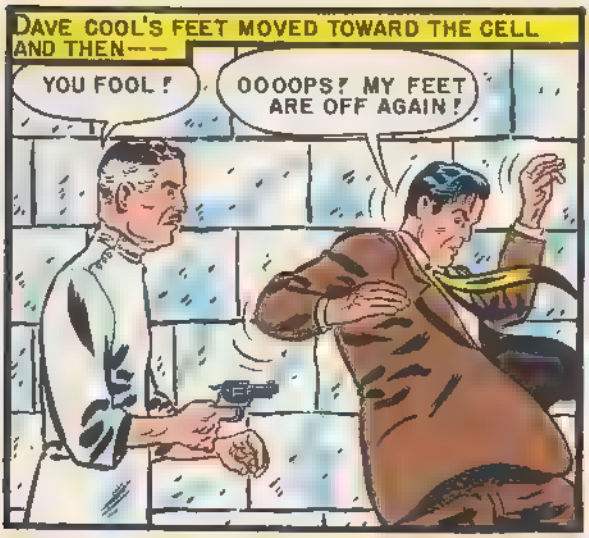

AS IF UNDERSTANDING HIS WORDS, DAVE'S FEET MOVED TO THE DOOR AND THROUGH IT, DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR, AND THEN DOWN A STAIRCASE.
THIS IS LIKE A DREAM--A QUEER DREAM! I CAN'T CONTROL MY FEET... THEY TAKE ME WHERE THEY WANT TO GO!

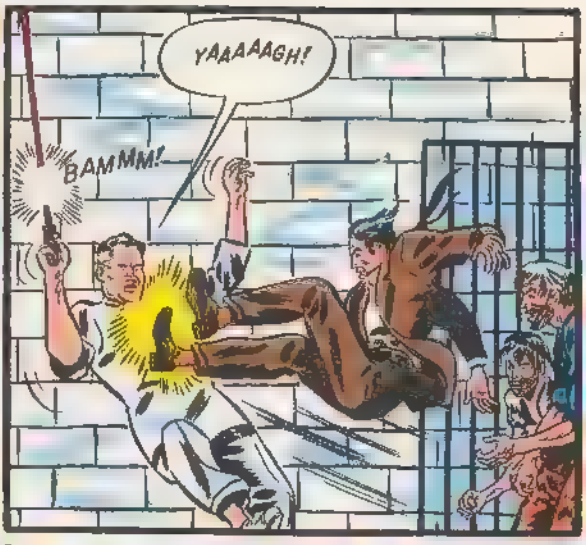

THE STAIRS LEAD TO A STONE-WALLED CELLAR, AND IN THE CELLAR--
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?
PLEASE-- PLEASE LET US GO!
HUH? WHAT...?

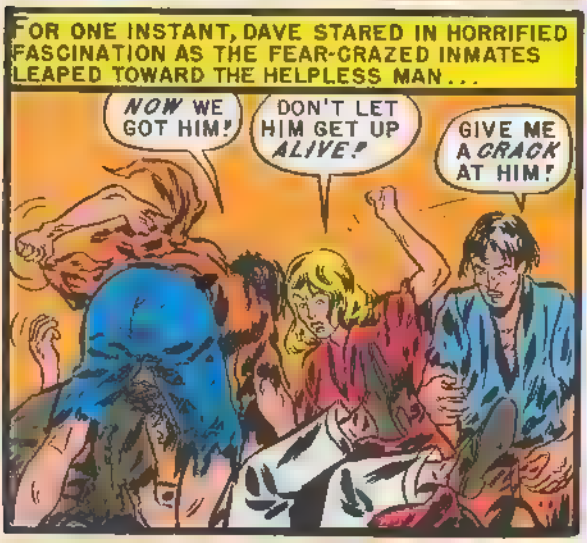
HE KEEPS US HERE, PENNED UP! ONE BY ONE HE TAKES US OUT, AND WHOEVER GOES OUT, NEVER COMES BACK! WE'RE LIKE ANIMALS TO BE EXPERIMENTED ON!


VERY TRUE, MY FRIEND! THEY ARE ANIMALS TO BE EXPERIMENTED ON! MY MEDICAL THEORIES EARNED ME DISQUALIFICATION FROM PRACTICE-- BUT I WILL PROVE MY GENIUS EVENTUALLY!

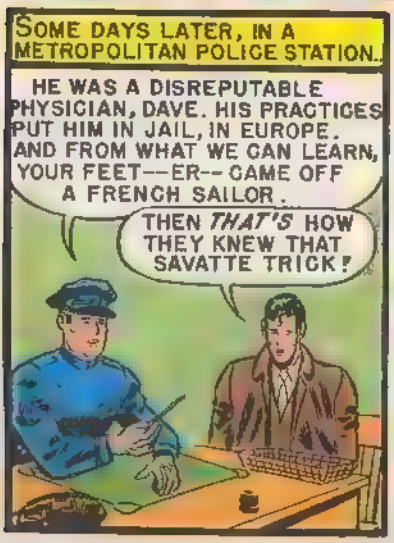
BUT YOU WILL FIND OUT JUST HOW-- AS ONE OF THE ANIMALS! NOW-- GET IN THERE!

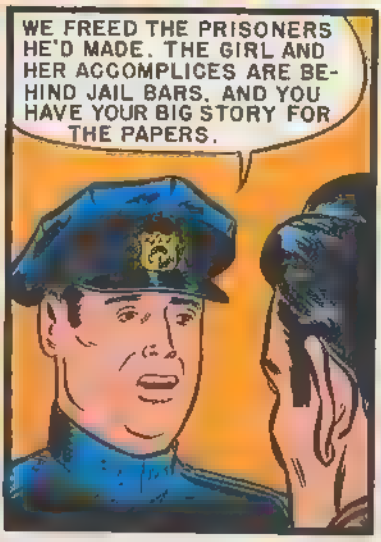

DAVE COOL'S FEET MOVED TOWARD THE CELL AND THEN——
YOU FOOL!
OOOOPS! MY FEET ARE OFF AGAIN!


YAAAAAGH!
BAMMM!


FOR ONE INSTANT, DAVE STARED IN HORRIFIED FASCINATION AS THE FEAR-CRAZED INMATES LEAPED TOWARD THE HELPLESS MAN...
NOW WE GOT HIM!
DON'T LET HIM GET UP ALIVE!
GIVE ME A CRACK AT HIM!

THAT'S THE END OF——HIM!


SOME DAYS LATER, IN A METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION.
HE WAS A DISREPUTABLE PHYSICIAN, DAVE. HIS PRACTICES PUT HIM IN JAIL, IN EUROPE. AND FROM WHAT WE CAN LEARN, YOUR FEET——ER——CAME OFF A FRENCH SAILOR.
THEN THAT'S HOW THEY KNEW THAT SAVATTE TRICK!


WE FREED THE PRISONERS HE'D MADE. THE GIRL AND HER ACCOMPLICES ARE BEHIND JAIL BARS. AND YOU HAVE YOUR BIG STORY FOR THE PAPERS.

MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SLEEP NOW. YOU HAVE BEEN AVENGED!
POLICE

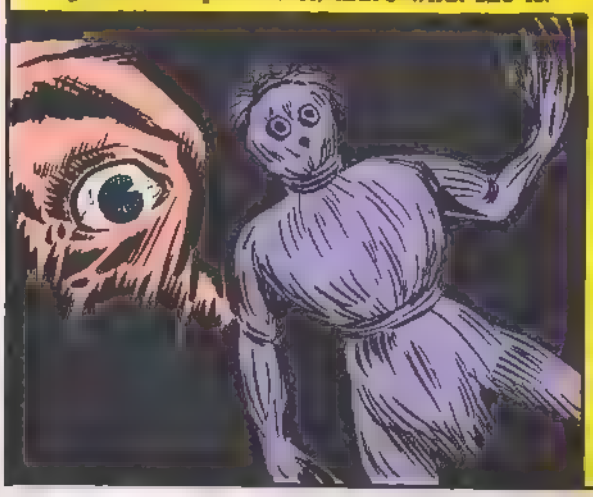
VOODOO VENDETTA

They tell strange tales in the hills of Haiti, as the steady beat of the drums throbs in the ears. Here walk the living dead with their bulging white eyes and shuffling feet. Here are the voodoo priestesses, and their cabalistic rites and sigils. Here, too, nimble fingers form tiny dolls and breathe on them, and the dolls can walk and—kill!

Such a doll—made from hemp that had been twisted and turned in the smoke from a sacrificial fire and sprinkled with the blood of a living goat—was Tamba: black and unlovely, with dabs of red paint for eyes and long, dangly bits of black string for fingers. And when the voodoo priestess set Tamba on the ground and bent low to whisper in its ears, it seemed that the little doll was nodding, alive and menacing, there by the light of the fires . . .

Down on the flats far below the hills, Andor Kriventson was bellowing with rage as his huge hand went out against the cheek of his sister. "You'll not marry Evans, you hear? You'll marry when I say and whom I say!"

Sobbing to herself, pretty Helena Kriventson ran from the living room of the building and into her room. Left alone, big Andor laughed cruelly. "A fool, that's what she is. Being friends to those voodoo worshipping natives! Pah! Disgusting! When I have my overseer beat them with the lash for discipline, I can hear her crying for days! Brings them food and wine when they're in solitary as punishment. I ought to get rid of her, but if I marry her to Davis, our combined plantations will be the biggest on the island."



Andor went out into the night. His little pig-eyes, glinting with cruelty, glittered above his fat jowls. He took with him a great whip. At the entrance to a small log building, he curled the whip and snapped it. Then he stepped inside.

A man crouched on the floor, half-naked. Andor stood over him, grinning. He said, "You stole bread." The man whimpered, "My children were starving. You would not let anyone sell me food."

The whip came up in a great, living coil—

And then Andor Kriventson heard the tiny footsteps, approaching the cabin. He whirled, eyes bulging above his fat cheeks. A tiny black hemp doll was running across the moonlit clearing outside the cabin. It came running right at Andor, who opened his mouth and screamed.

The doll kept running. It ran right up to the big man and began climbing his trouser leg. When it was near his throat, the black strings that were like fingers reached up and closed about the fat throat. A bubble of agony rose in the man's chest. His legs shook. His face turned purple. He staggered, clawing at the doll. He fell and lay on the dirt floor and the doll straddled him and choked and choked and choked.

When they found Andor Kriventson in the morning, there was only a limp black doll on his chest. And everyone knows, a doll cannot kill, even in Haiti where the drums sound in the hills and the dead men walk.

Or—can it?

GHOSTY STARRING THE TWISTER IN TERROR
featuring SHEREEN NANJIANI
THIS IS A SPECIAL "SCOTLAND TODAY" REPORT! A GIANT ELECTRIC TORNADO IS APPROACHING THE TOWN OF LANARK!
GHOSTY IS TRYING TO COUNTERACT THE MONSTER TWISTER WHICH IS WRECKING RAVENSTRUTHER!
HELLO, SHEREEN!
IN THE VILLAGE OF RAVENSTRUTHER...PEOPLE FLEE IN TERROR...
SHEREEN! GIVE ME POWER! I NEED TO KNOCK OUT THE CENTRAL ELECTRIC POWER CORE!
SHEREEN IS IN TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH GHOSTY...
BUT GHOSTY! MAYBE DON'T REALLY NEED TO!
BUT SHEREEN! THE ELECTRIC TORNADO HAS JUST FLATTENED RENSTRY AND IS HEADING FOR LANARK!
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH POWER, SHEREEN! GIVE ME POWER!
HMM ...OKAY, GHOSTY! I THINK YOU DO NEED AN EXTRA POWER-BOOST!
THANKS, SHEREEN!
BZAAK!
KRRSHH!
OKAY, FOLKS! THAT'S THE TORNADO KNOCKED OUT!
GHOSTY IS INTERVIEWED ON "SCOTLAND TODAY" THE NEXT DAY...
SCOTLAND TODAY
IT REMINDED ME OF A JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERIKA COMIC CALLED "TERROR OF THE TORNADO TYRANT!"
HAHAHAHA! THAT'S FUNNY, GHOSTY! HAVE SOME MORE RED KOLA!
J. MILLER-AUGUST '93 - DEDICATED TO SHEREEN
-- THE END --

To WAR AGAINST CRIME,

Concerning issue #8, to those readers who enjoyed the house text "Escape!" I highly recommend the movie THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION (1994) starring Tim Robbins and Morgan Freeman.

Once again, with the house text "Child's Play!" I suggest interested persons view the films HOME ALONE (1990) and HOME ALONE 2: LOST IN NEW YORK (1992) both featuring Macaulay Culkin.

Now, how many EC Fan-Addicts recognized that the toy blocks on the top of this page have the initials of one of the greatest editor/writer/artist (in my opinion) the comics medium has ever seen.

David Dellario — Kensington, CT

What? No errors this ish? You're slipping! —CK

Dear Gemstone,

In a previous letter I mentioned that "The Werewolf's Curse" (CRIME PATROL #5) may have been the first EC horror tale. Obviously I was mistaken, as the company's initial horror effort appeared in a 1948 issue of MOON GIRL, a title I have not yet had the opportunity to read. "The Werewolf's Curse" was originally intended for the unpublished EC comic TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL, a fact detailed in TALES OF TERROR: THE EC COMPANION. TALES OF TERROR is an outstanding book, and I highly recommend it to Fan-Addicts and Néofans alike.

TALES OF TERROR also includes a few photos from a 1954 segment of THE STEVE ALLEN SHOW that William Gaines, Al Feldstein and Harvey Kurtzman appeared on. I would love to see footage of that show, but apparently it was destroyed long ago. In many ways Steve Allen was a progressive TV host who welcomed innovative and unconventional guests like writer Jack Kerouac, comedian Lenny Bruce and singer Bob Dylan. On the other hand, Allen permanently alienated many rock fans when, in a 1956 show, he forced a young Elvis Presley to wear a white tie and tails and sing "Hound Dog" to a real live hound dog! Presley reportedly resented the appearance, although I don't know how the dog felt about it all.

Timothy M. Walters — Muskogee, OK

This is the same ELVIS who was in KISSING COUSINS? (Elvis: "A missle, you know, ICBM." Hillbilly girl: "You may see BM, but I don't see BM.") Allen alienated pop fans by reading song lyrics without the music. ("Shaboom. Shaboom. Yadata, Yadata. Yadata, Yadata.") —CK

Dear CRIME PATROL,

In CRIME PATROL #8, Constable Joe Daniels, after a long session with his brother Jack, proceeds to tell us the true story of the "Three Clues to Terror." Obviously no one can honestly say the Harker Falls police haven't a clue. That's a clever retort in the first panel! The crooks drive a Palmer car – say, did I ever tell you what Arnie's wife said to Johnny Carson? Oh, yeah, the letters page, same issue. I can sympathize with how Joe must feel after going four days without food or water; rather like I feel after going four weeks without a new EC reprint.

In "The Maxwell Brothers," Johnny Maxwell means well. After decades of sibling abuse from brother Fred of the Boney Maroni gang, he arrives Johnny-on-the-spot to bust, best and arrest his nemesis.

In "The Case of the Floating Corpse," the widow dunnit. Perhaps Mrs. Blake's first name is – Flake?

I wish the Gemstone staff best wishes in the post-EC-reprint era, and offer heartfelt thanks for all the right-priced entertainment. We'll miss you! Please print address.

Bob Gorby — 10566 Grove Oak DR, Santa Ana, CA 92705

Don't miss us yet! One more issue of WAR AGAINST CRIME to go! —CK

[redacted]
CRIME PATROL
GEMSTONE
[redacted]
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
CRIME PATROL #10 (#16, MAR/APR 1950)

COVER by Johnny Craig

"The Corpse in the Crematorium"	Johnny Craig
"Trapped in the Tomb"	George Roussos
"The Graveyard Feet"	John Alton
"The Spectre in the Castle!"	Al Feldstein

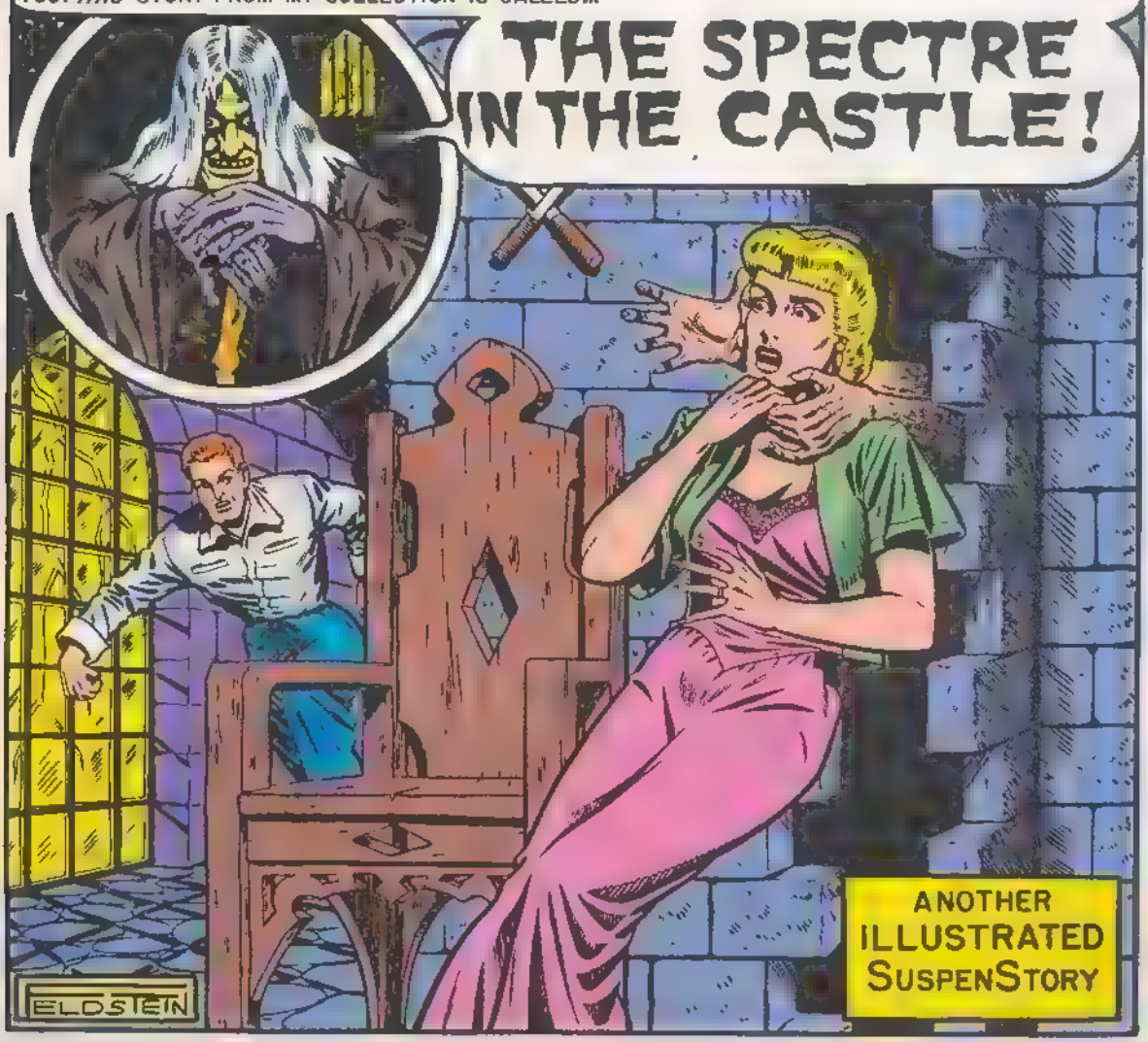
We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters; to do so we need your address on the individual letter.

HERE IS ANOTHER TALE TAKEN FROM

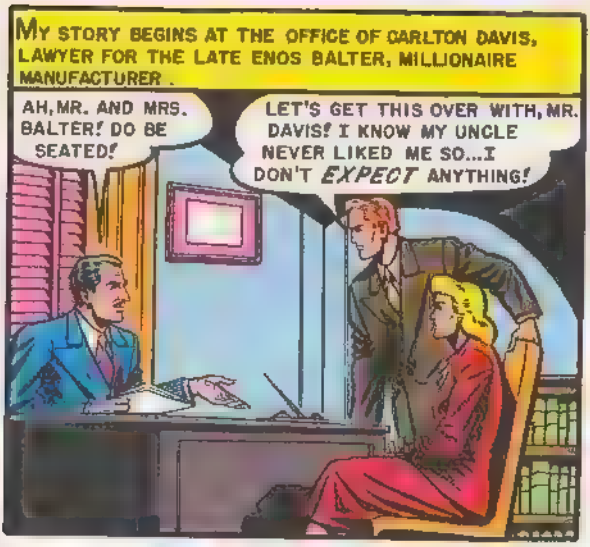
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

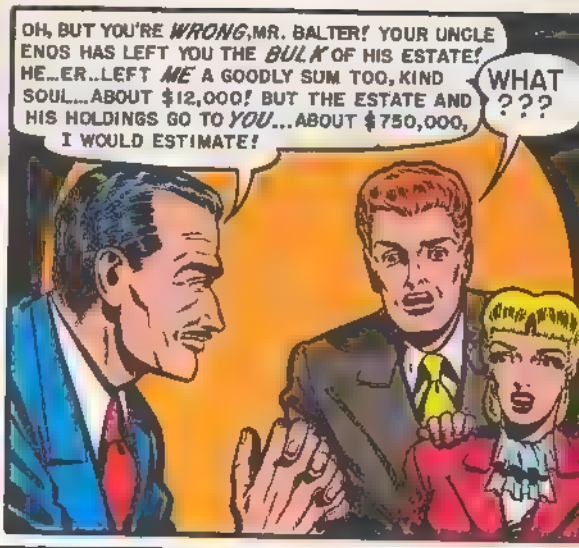
WELCOME, DEAR READER! WELCOME AGAIN TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! I HAVE ANOTHER *CHILLING* TALE TO TELL YOU! A STORY GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD *FREEZE* IN YOUR VEINS... AND THE HAIR ON YOUR NECK BRISTLE WITH *HORROR*...A TALE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU! *THIS* STORY FROM MY COLLECTION IS CALLED...

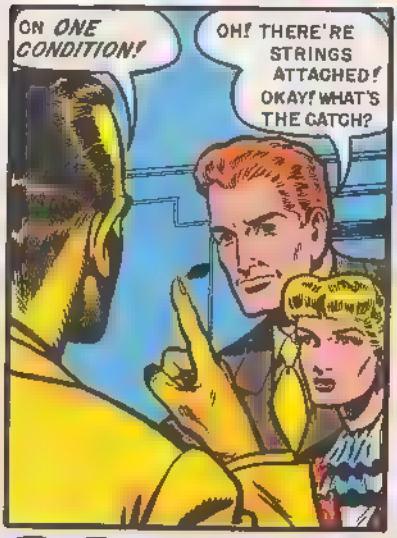
THE SPECTRE IN THE CASTLE!



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATED SUSPENSTORY

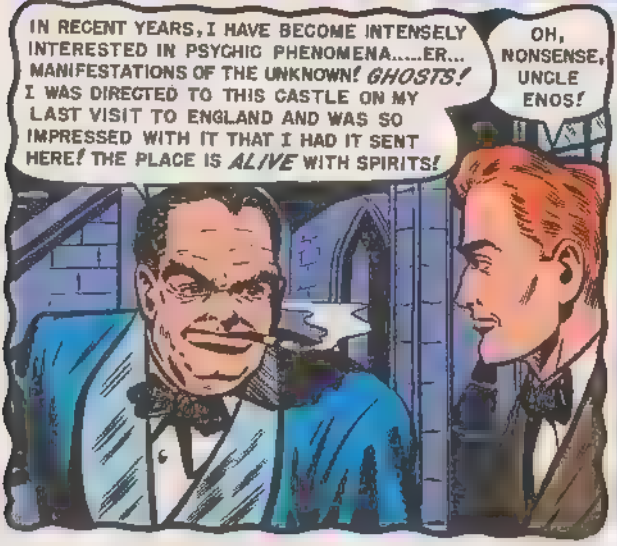

MY STORY BEGINS AT THE OFFICE OF CARLTON DAVIS, LAWYER FOR THE LATE ENOS BALTER, MILLIONAIRE MANUFACTURER.
AH, MR. AND MRS. BALTER! DO BE SEATED!
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH, MR. DAVIS! I KNOW MY UNCLE NEVER LIKED ME SO...I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING!

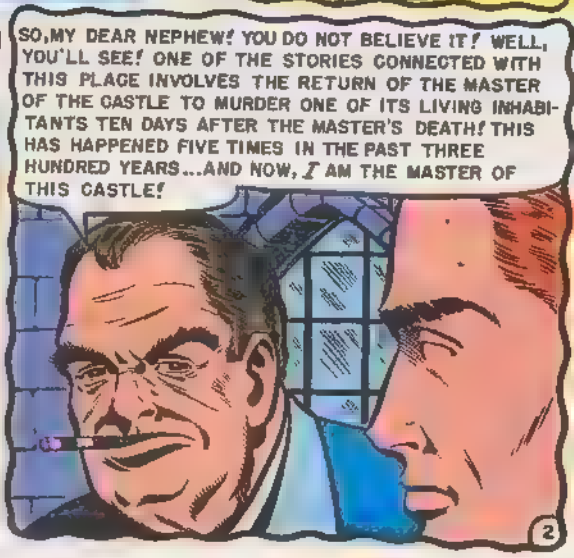

OH, BUT YOU'RE WRONG, MR. BALTER! YOUR UNCLE ENOS HAS LEFT YOU THE BULK OF HIS ESTATE! HE...ER..LEFT ME A GOODLY SUM TOO, KIND SOUL....ABOUT $12,000! BUT THE ESTATE AND HIS HOLDINGS GO TO YOU...ABOUT $750,000, I WOULD ESTIMATE!
WHAT ???


ON ONE CONDITION!
OH! THERE'RE STRINGS ATTACHED! OKAY! WHAT'S THE CATCH?

WELL, YOU REMEMBER THE TIME YOUR UNCLE HAD THE HOUSE-WARMING...TO CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF THE CASTLE HE HAD SHIPPED HERE, STONE BY STONE, FROM ENGLAND...?

"WE WERE SITTING AROUND THE MASSIVE DINING TABLE, AFTER A MOST DELICIOUS MEAL..."
...AND NOW, MY HONORED GUESTS! I SUPPOSE YOU ARE ALL WONDERING WHY I SPENT SUCH A TREMENDOUS FORTUNE TO BRING THIS GLOOMY OLD CASTLE HERE FROM ENGLAND!


IN RECENT YEARS, I HAVE BECOME INTENSELY INTERESTED IN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.....ER... MANIFESTATIONS OF THE UNKNOWN! GHOSTS! I WAS DIRECTED TO THIS CASTLE ON MY LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND AND WAS SO IMPRESSED WITH IT THAT I HAD IT SENT HERE! THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH SPIRITS!
OH, NONSENSE, UNCLE ENOS!


SO, MY DEAR NEPHEW! YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IT! WELL, YOU'LL SEE! ONE OF THE STORIES CONNECTED WITH THIS PLACE INVOLVES THE RETURN OF THE MASTER OF THE CASTLE TO MURDER ONE OF ITS LIVING INHABITANTS TEN DAYS AFTER THE MASTER'S DEATH! THIS HAS HAPPENED FIVE TIMES IN THE PAST THREE HUNDRED YEARS...AND NOW, I AM THE MASTER OF THIS CASTLE!

YES, I REMEMBER IT VERY WELL, MR. DAVIS! BUT WHAT DOES *THAT* HAVE TO DO WITH MY UNCLE'S WILL?

EVERYTHING, MR. BALTER!

THE WILL STATES THAT AT NOON, ON THE *NINTH* DAY AFTER *YOUR UNCLE'S DEATH*, BOTH OF YOU MUST ENTER THE CASTLE! IF YOU STAY THERE *ALONE* AND *DO NOT* LEAVE... AND ARE... AHEM... *ALIVE* AT NOON ON THE *ELEVENTH* DAY, THEN THE MONEY IS *YOURS*! *IF*, HOWEVER, YOU *LEAVE*, OR *DIE*, THEN THE *ENTIRE* ESTATE GOES TO *CHARITY*!

THIS IS *PREPOSTEROUS!* UNCLE ENOS MUST HAVE BEEN *MAD* WHEN HE WROTE THAT...

I AGREE THAT IT *IS* A BIT QUEER, BUT... THOSE ARE THE CONDITIONS!

AND SINCE I AM *EXECUTOR* OF THE WILL, I MUST INSIST THAT THE CONDITIONS BE FULFILLED OR ELSE THE MONEY WILL GO TO SOME WORTHY CHARITY!

HEH... HEH! *WELL*, DEAR READER! UNCLE ENOS HAS PRESENTED QUITE A PROBLEM TO TOM AND MARY BALTER! WOULD *YOU* STAY IN A HAUNTED OLD CASTLE... AND FACE A *MURDERING GHOST*... FOR $750,000? THAT'S A *TIDY* SUM! I'LL BET *YOU* THINK THE LEGEND IS A *FAKE*! WOULD YOU... *BET YOUR LIFE*?

AT THE APPOINTED DAY, CARLTON DAVIS FERRIED TOM AND MARY BALTER ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE ISLAND ON WHICH OLD ENOS BALTER HAD BUILT HIS CASTLE! IT HAD BEEN OVERCAST ALL MORNING... AND NOW FLASHES OF LIGHTNING KNIFED THROUGH THE DARKENED SKY.

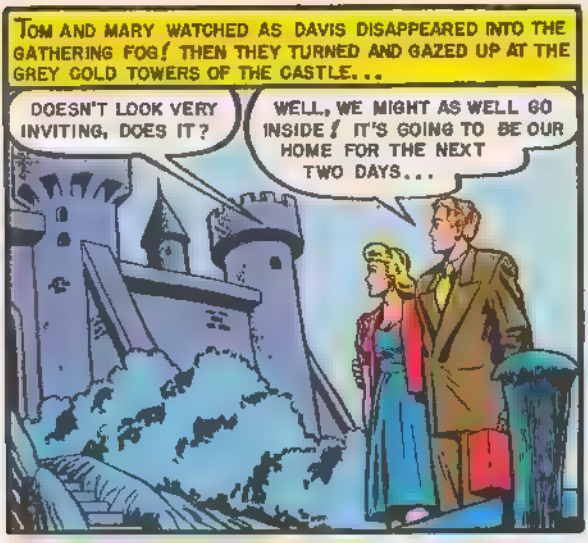
BRRR... WHAT A HORRIBLE DAY!

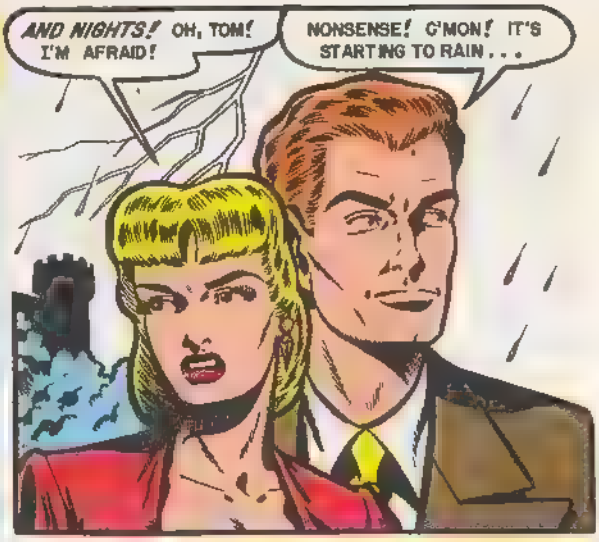
LOOKS LIKE A STORM'S BREWING!

AT THE LANDING DOCK, LAWYER DAVIS TOOK HIS LEAVE!

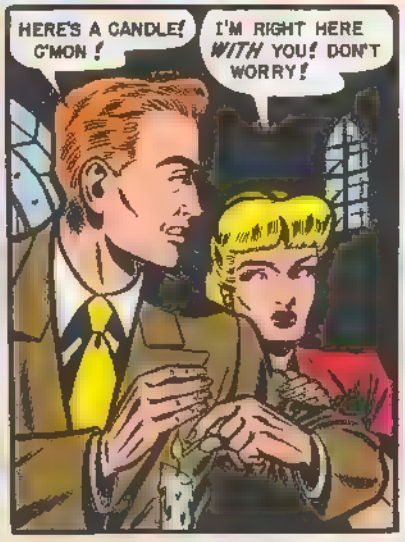
WELL, I HOPE EVERYTHING GOES WELL! DON'T WORRY! I THINK IT'S ALL NONSENSE, MYSELF! SEE YOU AT NOON, DAY AFTER TOMORROW!

YOU'D BETTER HURRY OR YOU'LL BE CAUGHT IN THE STORM, DAVIS!

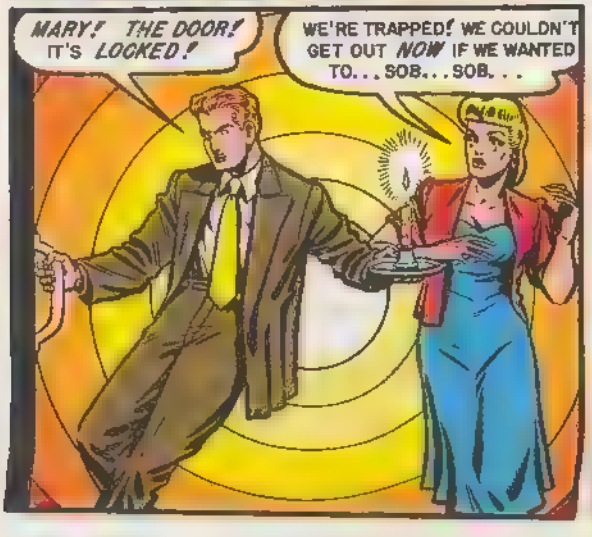

TOM AND MARY WATCHED AS DAVIS DISAPPEARED INTO THE GATHERING FOG! THEN THEY TURNED AND GAZED UP AT THE GREY GOLD TOWERS OF THE CASTLE...
DOESN'T LOOK VERY INVITING, DOES IT?
WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO INSIDE! IT'S GOING TO BE OUR HOME FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS...

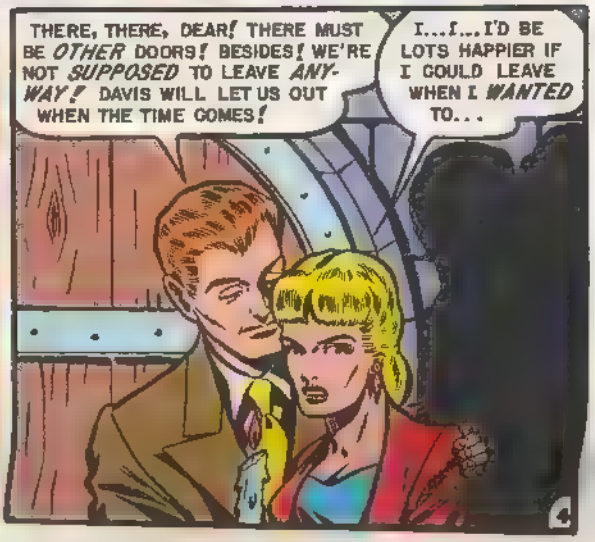

AND NIGHTS! OH, TOM! I'M AFRAID!
NONSENSE! C'MON! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN...

A CLAP OF THUNDER CRASHED ACROSS THE CASTLE AS THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN!
IT'S AWFULLY DARK IN THERE, TOM!
THESE PLACES WEREN'T BUILT FOR COMFORT!

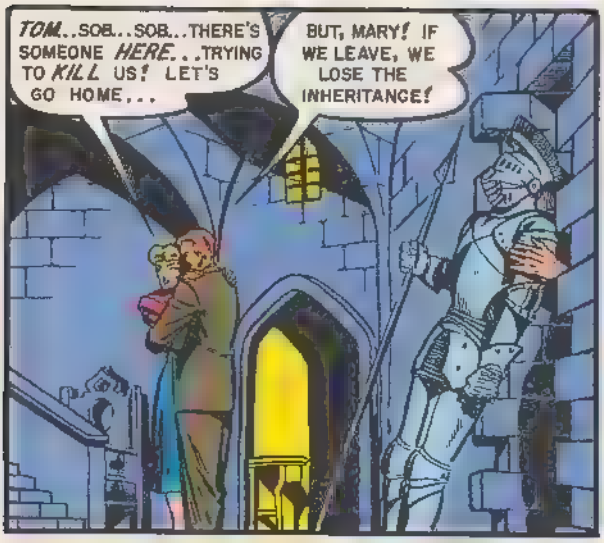

HERE'S A CANDLE! C'MON!
I'M RIGHT HERE WITH YOU! DON'T WORRY!

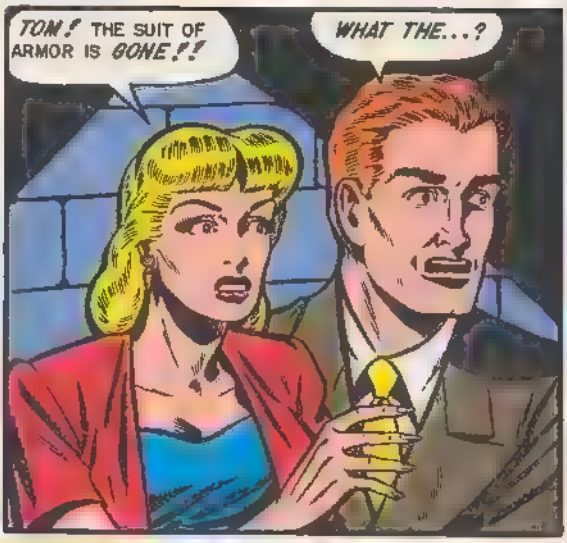
AS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE STEPPED INTO THE CASTLE, THE MASSIVE DOOR SWUNG SHUT... AND THE SOUND IT MADE ECHOED THROUGH THE EMPTY CORRIDORS...
MUST HAVE BEEN THE WIND! THESE OLD CASTLE'S ARE DRAFTY...
EERIE, TOO! LISTEN TO THE ECHOES!


MARY! THE DOOR! IT'S LOCKED!
WE'RE TRAPPED! WE COULDN'T GET OUT NOW IF WE WANTED TO... SOB... SOB...


THERE, THERE, DEAR! THERE MUST BE OTHER DOORS! BESIDES! WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LEAVE ANYWAY! DAVIS WILL LET US OUT WHEN THE TIME COMES!
I...I...I'D BE LOTS HAPPIER IF I COULD LEAVE WHEN I WANTED TO...

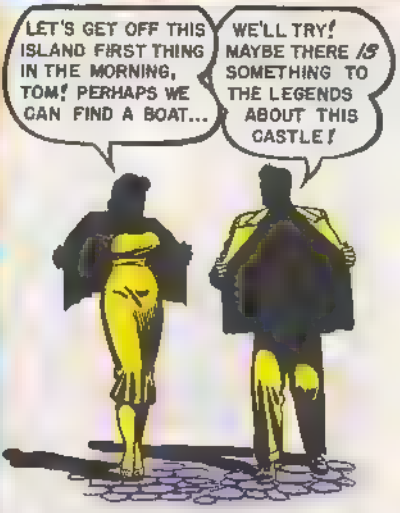
AS THE LIGHT FROM THE CANDLES THAT TOM LIT PIERCED THE GLOOM OF THE MASSIVE INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE, MARY'S EYES FELL UPON...
LOOK, TOM! A SUIT OF ARMOR! IT LOOKS GENUINE, TOO!
YES! UNCLE HAD THE ORIGINAL FURNISHINGS BROUGHT OVER WITH THE BUILDING!
AS DARKNESS FELL UPON THE ISLAND, THE STORM BROKE WITH ALL ITS FURY!
YOU'D THINK YOUR UNCLE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT ELECTRICITY INTO THE CASTLE!
HE WANTED TO KEEP EVERYTHING AS AUTHENTIC AS POSSIBLE!
SUDDENLY FROM THE ROOM UPSTAIRS, TOM AND MARY HEARD...
WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE CHAINS OR... OR... ARMOR!
CLANK! CLANK!
QUIETLY, THEY SLIPPED TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS AND LOOKED DOWN! EVERYTHING WAS DARK AND STILL...
EEEEEEEK! LOOK....! THE ARMOR! IT MOVED!
YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS, MARY! HOW COULD IT?
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW! IT WAS OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM!
ARE YOU SURE, MARY?
YES, I'M POSITIVE! IT WAS OVER NEXT TO THAT TAPESTRY!
WELL, LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANYONE OR ANYTHING IN IT!
LOOK OUT MARY!!
EEEEEEEEK!
CRASH!

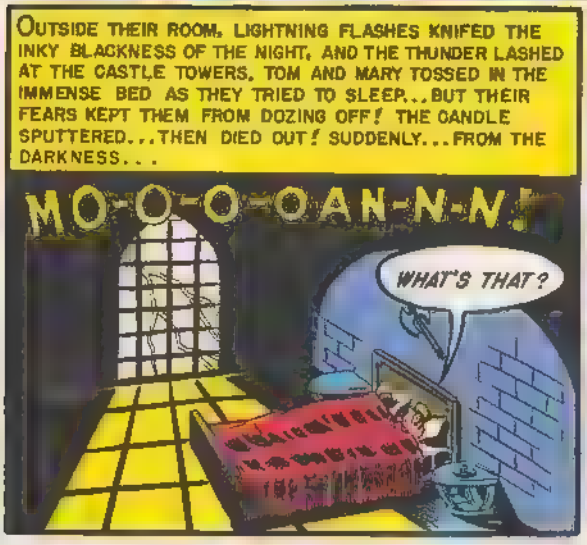

TOM..SOB...SOB...THERE'S SOMEONE HERE...TRYING TO KILL US! LET'S GO HOME...
BUT, MARY! IF WE LEAVE, WE LOSE THE INHERITANCE!

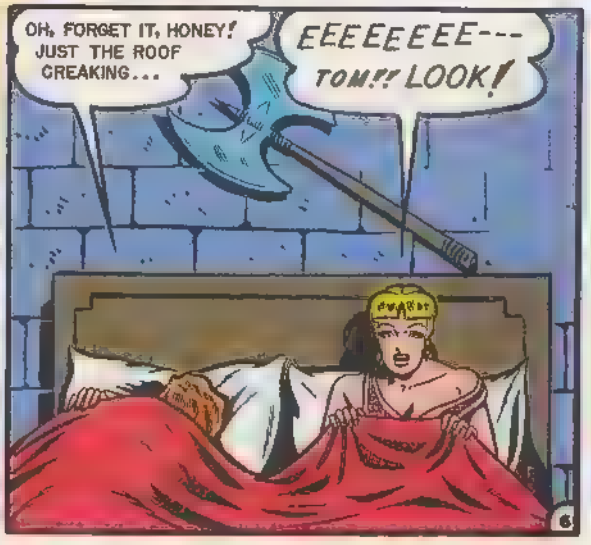

TOM! THE SUIT OF ARMOR IS GONE!!
WHAT THE...?

THE TERRORIZED COUPLE RUSHED UPSTAIRS TO THEIR ROOM...
WE'LL LOCK OURSELVES IN...
TOM... I'M FRIGHTENED!

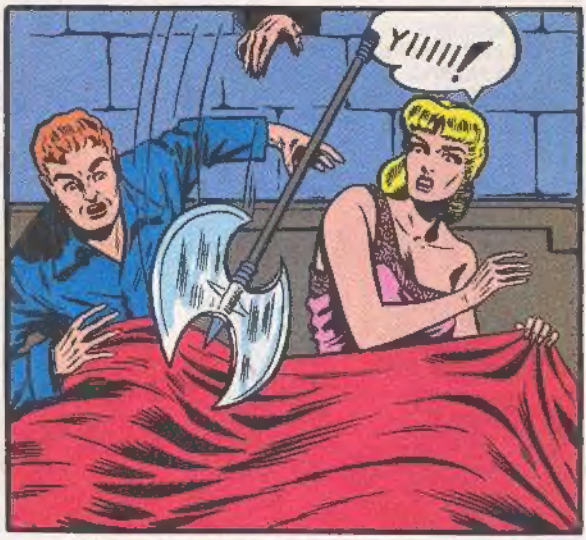
TOM SLIPPED THE MASSIVE BOLT INTO PLACE...
THERE! ONLY A TRUCK COULD GET THROUGH THAT DOOR, NOW!

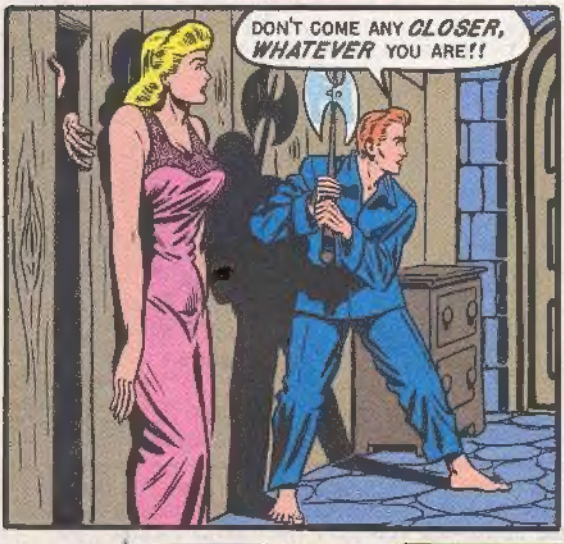

LET'S GET OFF THIS ISLAND FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, TOM! PERHAPS WE CAN FIND A BOAT...
WE'LL TRY! MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO THE LEGENDS ABOUT THIS CASTLE!

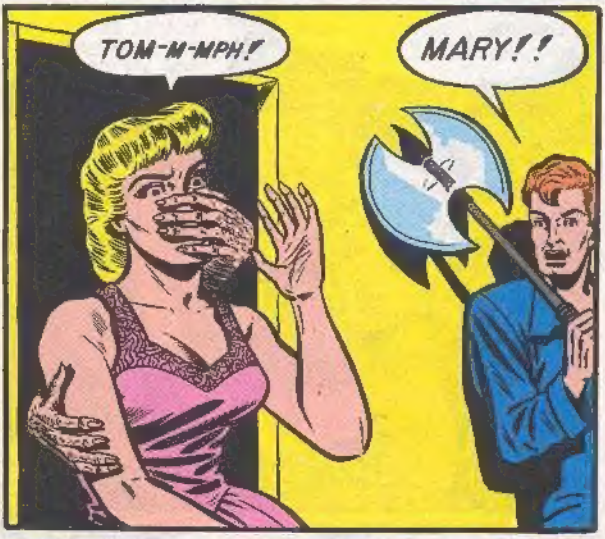

OUTSIDE THEIR ROOM, LIGHTNING FLASHES KNIFED THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT, AND THE THUNDER LASHED AT THE CASTLE TOWERS. TOM AND MARY TOSSED IN THE IMMENSE BED AS THEY TRIED TO SLEEP...BUT THEIR FEARS KEPT THEM FROM DOZING OFF! THE CANDLE SPUTTERED...THEN DIED OUT! SUDDENLY...FROM THE DARKNESS...
MO-O-O-OAN-N-N!
WHAT'S THAT?


OH, FORGET IT, HONEY! JUST THE ROOF CREAKING...
EEEEEEEE--- TOM!! LOOK!
6

NO! NO! NO!! IT'S UNCLE ENUS!!!
HE'S COME BACK! ...TO KILL US!


YIIIII!


DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, WHATEVER YOU ARE!!


TOM-M-MPH!
MARY!!

I'LL GET YOU... YOU...FIEND!

TOM SLIPPED INTO THE PASSAGEWAY, JUST AS THE PANEL SNAPPED SHUT BEHIND HIM...
THERE IT GOES! ...AND IT'S CARRYING MARY!

7

THE STAIRCASE OPENED OUT INTO THE FURY OF THE STORM AT THE TOP OF ONE OF THE CASTLE TOWERS! AS TOM REACHED IT. . .

NO! STOP!! YOU MONSTER!

AAAAAAA-

OH, TOM, . . . SOB . . . IT WAS HORRIBLE!

YOU'RE SAFE NOW, MARY DARLING! IT'S ALL OVER!!

LOOK, TOM! DOWN THERE... AT THE BEACH! A BOAT!

YES! DAVIS' BOAT!

THEN... THEN THE BODY DOWN THERE... IS... CARLTON DAVIS!

YES, DEAR! SHALL WE... GO DOWN?

...AND THAT'S THE TALE, DEAR READER! CARLTON DAVIS, AS EXECUTOR OF THE ESTATE, WOULD HAVE CONTROLLED OLD ENOS' *ENTIRE* FORTUNE IF TOM LEFT THE CASTLE OR DIED! SO KNOWING THE CONTENTS OF ENOS' WILL, AND HAVING DISCOVERED, AMONG HIS EFFECTS, THE BLUEPRINTS OF THE CASTLE SHOWING THE MAZE OF SECRET PASSAGES AND PANELS HIDDEN THERE, DAVIS PROCEEDED WITH HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEME OF FRIGHTENING TOM AND MARY FROM THE CASTLE! AFTER HE LEFT THEM. . . HE DOUBLED BACK TO THE ISLAND! OLD ENOS' GHOST WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A PROJECTED PICTURE! DAVIS BECAME DESPERATE WHEN NIGHT FELL... AND HE DECIDED TO *KILL* THEM BOTH! HE... HEH, HEH... OVERPLAYED HIS HAND THOUGH, DON'T YOU THINK? WELL, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER TALE FROM

THE CRYPT OF TERROR!

NEXT ISSUE! BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU?

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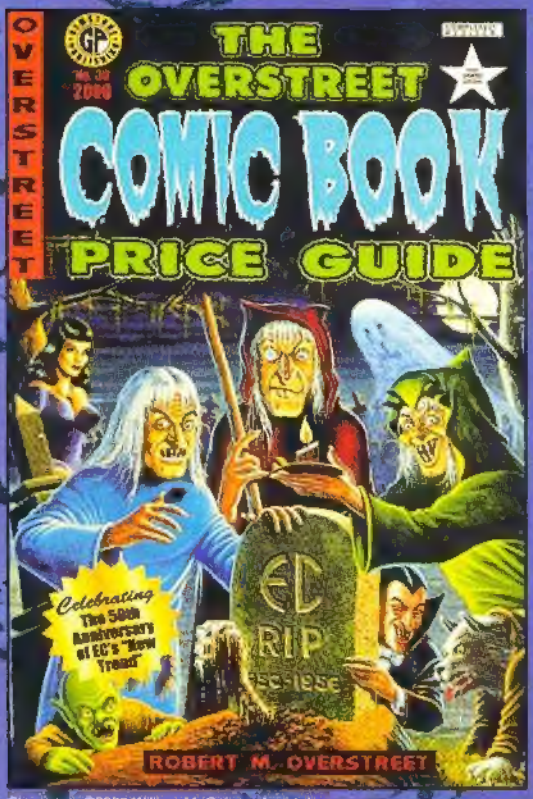
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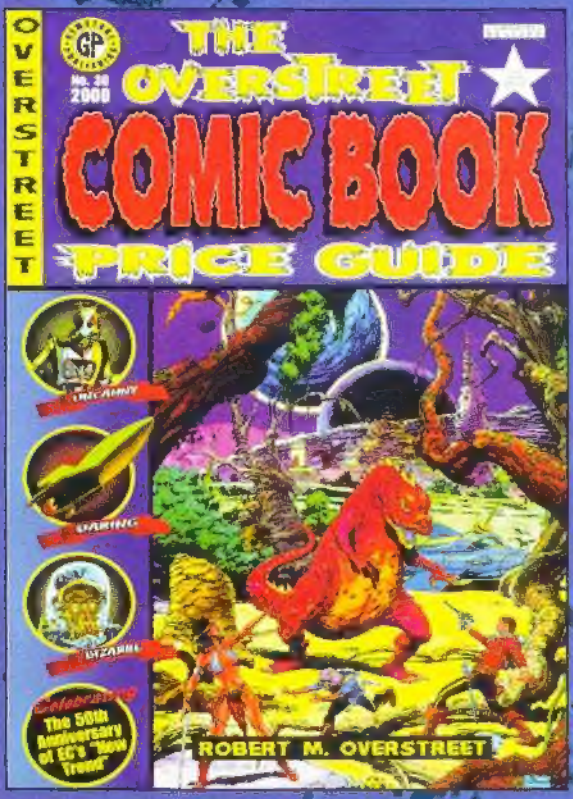

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